THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

SEPTEMBER, 1801.

SKETCH
OF THE LIFE OF
THOMAS JEFFERSON, Esq.
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Enriched with a capital Portrait, taken from Life.

Here *union'd choice* shall form a rule divine,
Here countless lands in *one great system* join;
The sway of law unbroke unrivall'd grow,
And bid her blessings every land o'er flow!
DWIGHT'S CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

HAVING in the former numbers of our Miscellany presented the reader with the heroes, the statesmen, and the divines which Europe hath produced, we turn our eyes to the western Continent, and we mean to contemplate a character who will, we doubt not, make a distinguished figure in the annals of the world. In America his name has been long known and highly celebrated. Be it our present task to detail those particulars relative to his history, which cannot fail of administering to our gratification.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born in the state of Virginia, about the year 1750, of parents who possessed a more than ordinary share of property. His father acted in conjunction with Colonel Fry, in settling the line by which Virginia and North Carolina are divided from each other. His employ in such a business forms an indisputable proof of his

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respectability. His son was bred up a lawyer, and made an astonishing progress in every species of knowledge connected with his profession. Naturally acute, and perseveringly studious, he soon attracted the attention of those around him. His relations and friends marked those indications of eminence to which he afterwards attained. Previous to the American revolution, few of the characters who then became so conspicuous were known. Even the great WASHINGTON lay hid in obscurity. We are not therefore to wonder that of the early history of most of the Transatlantic heroes, scarcely any particulars are known. It is to be presumed that the talents of *Jefferson* did not during this period remain unemployed. Born to an affluent fortune, he probably was at no time a slave to his profession of the law. But on the other hand we may safely declare, that his inquisitive mind was employed in the acquisition of that knowledge which would render him a valuable member of the community.

At the revolution, such were his accomplishments and influence, that he was chosen member of Congress, and exerted himself with unceasing energy for the salvation of his country. In that ever to be deplored contest, he took a most active part. Apprehending that the measures of the British court were hostile to the prosperity of America, he could not remain a silent spectator on such an occasion. He quitted that retirement where he enjoyed every thing which could make him happy. He laid aside that dignified ease which his affluence ensured to him. He came forward with a bold and independent mind, and turned his whole attention to that great work by which the passions of his countrymen were deeply agitated. Hazarding not only his property but even his life, he hesitated not to join that *noble band of patriots*, who for seven long years re-

pelled the foe, and at last gave liberty to their country! Such was JEFFERSON—always active—always persevering; he pursued his course till the efforts of his native land were crowned with victory!

To mention the various measures in which he engaged during the revolution, cannot be expected. But, it may be proper to observe, that in the year 1780, he was governor of Virginia; this was a most critical period of the war: the state over which he presided, was at that very time, invaded by Philips and the traitor Arnold. He, however, acquitted himself with peculiar ability.

In 1781, he published his *Notes on Virginia*, which have passed through various editions, and conferred on his name great celebrity. It forms a kind of history of the state, together with many excellent reflections. As a specimen of the work, we shall transcribe a passage relative to his beloved America: the Abbe Raynal had asserted, that "America has not yet produced one good poet, one able mathematician, one man of genius, in a single art or a single science." The following is Mr. Jefferson's animated reply.

"When we shall have existed as a people as long as the Greeks did before they produced a Homer, the Romans a Virgil, the French a Racine and Voltaire, the English a Shakespeare and Milton, should this reproach be still true, we will enquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded, that the other countries of Europe, and quarters of the earth, shall not have inscribed any name in the roll of poets. In war we have produced a WASHINGTON, whose memory will be adored while liberty shall have votaries, whose name will triumph over time, and will in future ages assume its just station among the most celebrated worthies of the world, when that wretched philosophy shall be forgotten

which would arrange him among the degeneracies of nature. In physics we have produced a FRANKLIN, than whom no one of the present age has made more important discoveries, nor has enriched philosophy with more, or more ingenious solutions of the phenomena of nature. We have supposed Mr. RITTENHOUSE second to no astronomer living: that in genius he must be the first, because he is self-taught. As an artist he has exhibited as great proofs of mechanical genius as the world has ever produced. He has not indeed made a world; but he has by imitation approached nearer to its Maker than any man who has lived from the creation to this day. As in philosophy and war, so in government, in oratory, in painting, in the plastic art, we might shew that America, though but a child of yesterday, has already given hopeful proofs of genius as well of the nobler kinds, which arouse the best feelings of man, which call him into action, which substantiate his freedom, and conduct him to happiness, as of the subordinate, which serve to amuse him only. We therefore suppose, that this reproach is as unjust as unkind; and that, of the geniuses which adorn the present age, America contributes its full share. For comparing it with those countries, where genius is most cultivated, where are the most excellent models of art, and scaffoldings for the attainment of science, as France and England for instance, we calculate thus. The United States contain three millions of inhabitants; France twenty millions; and the British islands ten. We produce a Washington, a Franklin, a Rittenhouse, France then should have half a dozen in each of these lines, and Great Britain half that number, equally eminent. It may be true, that France has: we are but just becoming acquainted with her, and our acquaintance so far gives us high ideas of the

genius of her inhabitants. It would be injuring too many of them to name particularly a Voltaire, a Buffon, the constellation of Encyclopedists, the Abbe Raynal himself, &c. &c. We therefore have reason to believe she can produce her full quota of genius. The present war having so long cut off all communication with Great Britain, we are not able to make a fair estimate of the state of science in that country."

In 1783, Mr. Jefferson drew up *the new constitution* for Virginia, which is a master piece of legislative ability. It is raised on a most liberal plan; highly favourable to the civil and religious liberties of mankind.

The year 1786, saw him in England; but he soon went to France, where he staid a considerable time. In 1789, he became *secretary of state* in his native country; and here be it remarked, that he conducted this arduous business with uncommon success. To mention one instance only, the state of the cod and whale fisheries were examined by him; his report gave universal satisfaction.

Soon after this period, he retired to his seat in Virginia. The Marquis de Chastellaux visited him at this delightful spot in the year 1782, and the account in his *Travels* is so interesting that we shall introduce it to the notice of our readers.

"The conversation continued and brought us insensibly to the foot of the Allegany mountains. On the summit of one of them we discovered the house of Mr. Jefferson, which stands pre-eminent in these retirements; it was himself who built it, and preferred this situation; for although he possessed considerable property in the neighbourhood, there was nothing to prevent him from fixing his residence wherever he thought proper. But it was a debt Nature owed to a philosopher and a man of

taste, that in his own possessions he should find a spot, where he might best study and enjoy her. He calls his house *Monticello*, (in Italian *Little Mountain*) a very modest title, for it is situated upon a very lofty one, but which announces the owner's attachment to the language of Italy; and above all to the fine arts, of which that country was the cradle, and is still the asylum. As I had no farther occasion for a guide, I separated from the Irishman; and after ascending by a tolerable commodious road, for more than half an hour, we arrived at Monticello. This house, of which Mr. Jefferson was the architect, and often one of the workmen, is rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault; it consists of one large square pavilion, the entrance of which is by two porticos ornamented with pillars. The ground floor consists chiefly of a very large lofty saloon, which is to be decorated entirely in the antique style: above it is a library of the same form, two small wings, with only a ground floor, and attic story, are joined to this pavilion, and communicate with the kitchen, offices, &c. which will form a kind of basement story over which runs a terrace. My object in this short description is only to shew the difference between this, and the other houses of the country: for we may safely aver, that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather. But it is on himself alone I ought to bestow my time. Let me describe to you a man, not yet forty, tall, and with a mild and pleasing countenance, but whose mind and understanding are ample substitutes for every exterior grace. An American, who without ever having quitted his own country, is at once a musician, skilled in drawing; a geometrician, an astronomer,

a natural philosopher, legislator, and statesman. A senator of America, who sat for two years in that famous Congress which brought about the revolution: and which is never mentioned without respect, though unhappily not without regret: a governor of Virginia, who filled this difficult station during the invasions of Arnold, of Philips, and of Cornwallis; a philosopher, in voluntary retirement, from the world, and public business, because he loves the world, inasmuch only as he can flatter himself with being useful to mankind; and the minds of his countrymen are not yet in a condition either to bear the light, or to suffer contradiction. A mild and amiable wife, charming children, of whose education he himself takes charge, a house to embellish, great provisions to improve, and the arts and sciences to cultivate; these are what remain to Mr. Jefferson, after having played a principal character on the theatre of the new world, and which he preferred to the honourable commission of Minister Plenipotentiary in Europe. The visit which I made him was not unexpected, for he had long since invited me to come and pass a few days with him, in the center of the mountains; notwithstanding which I found his first appearance serious, nay even cold; but before I had been two hours with him we were as intimate as if we had passed our whole lives together; walking, books, but above all, a conversation always varied and interesting, always supported by that satisfaction experienced by two persons, who in communicating their sentiments and opinions, are invariably in unison, and who understand each other at the first hint, made four days pass away like so many minutes.

This conformity of sentiments and opinions on which I insist, because it constitutes my own eulogium, (and self-love must somewhere shew itself)

this conformity, I say, was so perfect, that not only our taste was similar, but our predilections also, those partialities which cold methodical minds ridicule as enthusiastic, whilst sensible and animated ones cherish and adopt the glorious appellation. I recollect with pleasure, that as we were conversing one evening over a bowl of punch, after Mrs. Jefferson had retired, our conversation turned on the poems of *Ossian*. It was a spark of electricity which passed rapidly from one to the other; we recollected the passages in those sublime poems, which particularly struck us, and entertained my fellow travellers, who fortunately knew English well, and were qualified to judge of their merit, though they had never read the poems. In our enthusiasm the book was sent for, and placed near the bowl, where, by their mutual aid, the night far advanced imperceptibly upon us. Sometimes natural philosophy, at others politics or the arts were the topic of our conversation, for no object had escaped Mr. Jefferson; and it seemed as if from his youth he had placed his mind, as he has done his house, on an elevated situation, from which he might contemplate the universe."

In 1797, when the IMMORTAL WASHINGTON resigned and the celebrated John Adams, Esq. was raised to the presidental chair, Mr. Jefferson was appointed vice-president, an office which he filled with his accustomed dignity. We must nevertheless confess, that politics ran very high in the United States at this period; and the great body of the people were divided. Adams took one side, Jefferson the other; the former leaned to the executive, the latter to the democratical part of the constitution. It was, it must be acknowledged, an arduous task for America to preserve a respectable neutrality. The French had claims on America for past

favours. The English, or Anglo-Americans, were attached to the old country, and did not wish to renew the horrors of war. It is impossible for individuals at the distance of 3000 miles, to judge accurately of the merits of the case. Both parties may have been to blame. Their passions were inflamed, and hence their language towards each other in the public prints exceeded the bounds of moderation.

When the great contest for the *presidency* arose at the commencement of the present year, the most strenuous efforts were exerted on both sides to secure success. Few elections were conducted with greater vigour and intenseness. JEFFERSON at last succeeded. He appears to have been the choice of the people. Nor will it be presumption to say, that his talents and virtues will be jointly directed to the welfare of the community. His speech, which for its good sense and moderation, excited the admiration of all parties, shall be here subjoined:

"FRIENDS, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,

"CALLED upon to undertake the duties of the first executive office of our country, I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow-citizens, which is here assembled, to express my grateful thanks, for the favour with which they have been pleased to look towards me; to declare a sincere consciousness, that the task is above my talents, and that I approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments, which the greatness of the charge, and the weakness of my powers, so justly inspire. A rising nation, spread over a wide and fruitful land—traversing all the seas with the rich productions of their industry—engaged in commerce with nations who feel power and forget right—advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye—when I contemplate these transcendent objects, and

see the honour, the happiness, and the hopes of this beloved country, committed to the issue and the auspices of this day, I shrink from the contemplation, and humble myself before the magnitude of the undertaking. Utterly, indeed, should I despair, did not the presence of many, whom I here see, remind me, that in the other high authorities, provided by our constitution, I shall find resources of wisdom, of virtue, and of zeal, on which to rely under all difficulties. To you, then, gentlemen, who are charged with the sovereign functions of legislation, and to those associated with you, I look with encouragement for that guidance and support, which may enable us to steer, with safety, the vessel in which we are all embarked, amidst the conflicting elements of a troubled world.

"During the contest of opinion, through which we have past, the animation of discussion and of exertions, has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers, unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think: but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts, for the common good. All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle—that though the will of the majority is, in all cases, to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable—that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate would be oppression. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart, and one mind. Let us restore to social intercourse, that harmony and affection, without which, liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. And let us reflect, that, having banished from our land, that religious intolerance, under which mankind so long bled and

suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance, as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.

"During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world—during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, his long-lost liberty—it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore—that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others—and should divide opinions, as to measures of safety. But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names, brethren of the same principle. WE ARE ALL REPUBLICANS; WE ARE ALL FEDERALISTS. If there be any among us, who would wish to dissolve this union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong—that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of the successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear, that this government the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself?—I trust not—I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth—I believe it the only one, where every man at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said, that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others?

Or have we found angels, in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles—our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated, by nature and a wide ocean, from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe—too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others—possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation—entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties—to the acquisitions of our own industry—to honour and confidence from our fellow-citizens; resulting not from birth, but from our actions, and their sense of them—enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man—acknowledging and adoring an over-ruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter—with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people?—Still one thing more, fellow-citizens, a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another; shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement; and shall not take from the mouth of labour the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties, which comprehend every thing dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our govern-

ment, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political—peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none—the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concern, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies—the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home, and safety abroad—a jealous care of the right of election by the people—a mild and safe corrective of abuses, which are lopped by the sword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are unprovided—absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism—a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them—the supremacy of the civil over the military authority—economy in the public expence, that labour may be lightly burdened—the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of public faith—encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce, as its hand-maid—the diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason—freedom of religion—freedom of the press—and freedom of person under the protection of habeas corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation, which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages, and blood

of our heroes, have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith—the text of civic instruction—the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust: and should we wander from them, in moments of error or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

"I repair, then, fellow-citizens, to the post you have assigned me. With experience enough in subordinate offices, to have seen the difficulties of this, the greatest of all, I have learned to expect, that it will rarely fall to the lot of imperfect man, to retire from this station, with the reputation, and the favour, which bring him into it. Without pretensions to that high confidence you reposed in our first and greatest revolutionary character, whose pre-eminent services had entitled him to the first place in his country's love, and destined for him the fairest page in the volume of faithful history, I ask so much confidence only, as may give firmness and effect to the legal administration of your affairs. I shall often go wrong, through defect of judgment. When right, I shall often be thought wrong, by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentionally; and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not, if seen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your suffrage, is a great consolation to me for the past: and my future solicitude will be, to retain the good opinion of those who have bestowed it in advance, to conciliate that of others by doing them all the good in my power, and to be instrumental to the happiness and freedom of all.

"Relying, then, on the patronage of your good

will, I advance with obedience to the work, ready to retire from it whenever you become sensible how much better choices it is in your power to make. And may that infinite Power, which rules the destinies of the universe, lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favourable issue, for our peace and prosperity!

"THOMAS JEFFERSON."

The writer of this article, lately received a letter (dated Philadelphia, June 20, 1801.) from a warm admirer of JEFFERSON and of the vice-president BURR; his language concerning them is very impressive. "With JEFFERSON'S admirable speech I am sure you have been pleased. Meek as Moses, determined as Joshua, and sagacious as Solomon; he will guide the people to their political paradise. I have been twice in the company of WASHINGTON and twice with JEFFERSON. The former was remarkably reserved, and the latter *vice versa*, is as communicative. His *Notes on Virginia*, which contains much excellent information, I presume you have read. There is an elegant edition now in the press with additions, to which will be prefixed the head of the author. BURR is a charming little man, polite, affable, aud energetic in all his actions. I became acquainted with him in 1796. You see that nature which has sometimes been charged with being capricious, has not bestowed all her greatness on any one nation in particular, but bestows her gifts in *every* clime and among *all* people who make good use of her donations!"

Such are the sentiments of a sensible and worthy man, upon whose judgment the reader may rely; and who, by his merit alone, has attained to a considerable degree of respectability in the United States of America.

We conclude with juſt observing, that it is our hope and trust that THOMAS JEFFERSON the present illustrious president of *the United States of America*, will study the prosperity of his country. Educated in her bosom, having partaken of the hazards incurred by the revolution, and now elevated to the highest office she has to bestow; he will be intent on those measures by which her best interests will be advanced. Above all, he will be studious of avoiding that greatest of evils—WAR—by which millions of the human race have been consigned to destruction! Placed by Nature in a situation far removed from the intrigues and broils of Europe; we would wish America to preserve her native dignity. Having asserted her own rights—she will be careful not to interfere with the rights of others. Cherishing within her own territories the law of justice and sacred order—let her breathe peace and charity towards mankind. Let her shew to the nations of the earth an example of moderation. Liberating the slaves by whose bondage she is now disgraced—and cultivating the kind and generous affections in all the departments of human life—may she become the admiration and delight of the world!

Islington. J. E.

ON THE SUPERIOR PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF THE COUNTRY TO THE TOWN.

THE pleasures of a country life have in all ages excited the enthusiastic applauses of the poet, the citizen, the philosopher, and the hero. After straining the faculties in pursuit of the muses; exhausting health in accumulating riches; enervating the frame by intense application to study; or shortening life by unremitting duty, in defence of liberty

and the state—all flatter themselves with the hope, that in the evening of life they shall sit down in their little cottage, and feel no more the restlessness of ambition, the desire of popular applause, or the thirst for immortality.

There is scarcely a man, however desirable his situation, but feels a void in his bosom; there is something which (busy vanity, or imprudent folly pictures to his mind) will when possessed, produce more exalted felicity.—How irrational to feel the heart-ach of discontent, amidst every enjoyment that ought to satisfy the human mind. What is it they languish to attain? Is it a few more hundreds a year.—Honour, equipage, titles, &c.? Alas! these afford but momentary gratification! Let the dissatisfied ask the aged who have seen every vicissitude of life, who have felt every sensation that poisons the pure springs of human happiness, and unquestionably, the answer will be that nothing can impart to competence the least advantage—

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
"Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.

An hundred dishes after the novelty has passed, cannot gratify the man who wishes to pamper his appetite, more than the simple fare to which, perhaps, he had been accustomed, and those honours, to attain which, many have sacrificed liberty, and virtue, very soon cease to swell the bosom with proud delight; and except from the servility of domestics, they but seldom receive the incense of unmanly reverence, or degrading homage.—

To avoid the snares of pleasure, and the temptations of dissipation; many fly to the country as their only refuge, there every object is tranquil—the beasts are feeding in the meadows—the sheep

browzing on the hills, the birds are singing in the groves, and hedges, and the domestic race are placidly feeding around the doors of our dwelling. —There the syren voice of VICE is not heard—the blandishments of CIRCE are not seen—her stupifying cup remains untasted. But is VIRTUE here exhibited in her most becoming attire, her loveliest attitude, her sweetest aspect? No, perhaps the advocates of a town life will say—"To shew VIRTUE in her most dignified form, she must be represented struggling with a vanquishing temptation; then we behold the indignant fire of her fine eyes—the majestic frown of her ample forehead, her snowy arms gracefully repelling the rude foe --in the back ground we survey the tempter expanding his wings, and flying to the dusky pestilential metropolis, where he almost unrivalled reigns!"—

SOLITUDE at stated seasons is friendly to wisdom; the man of strong passions, can without interruption investigate his own nature and propensities, he can calmly look into himself, and may happily discover those dark shades in his character, which disfigure him in the eyes of man, and which unless speedily removed by patient and attentive discipline, will ultimately render him offensive to his eternal father, whose favour is above all price!—

Employed in this way, solitude is of inestimable value, but RELIGION must assist REFLECTION; the mind can often easily observe its own failings, but the wakeful PASSIONS are ever presenting some favourite object to attract its attention, and defeat its resolutions—Where can be the advantage of solitude, unless the mind be regulated by the precepts of religion, which stimulate to goodness, and virtue, by the hope of never-ending joy, and restrain from the commission of crimes, by the denunciations of eternal punishment?—

To spend a considerable portion of every year in the country, is doubtless desirable—it strengthens the body, and invigorates the mind—the pure air which we breathe, the fragrance of the flowers, the coolness of the shade, the variety and verdure which surround us, all contribute to the health, and happiness of the man of taste, and refinement.—

Thousands however from custom, or from fashion, emigrate to the country, and return unimproved in health, and as unwise as heretofore—Too indolent to join in rural amusements, they sit unjoyous at home, and often over-load their understandings, by large libations to the god of wine, and liberal sacrifices to Epicurus—Books like opiates only lull them to sleep, nor can conversation however sprightly, enliven their dull minds, or elicit any spark of wit, humour, or sense, from them. To those then the country can be productive of little enjoyment—the man of cultivated mind only can appreciate the advantages resulting from a few months residence in the country—Every thing to him, however trivial, contributes to his pleasures and his improvement—

———————" For him the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn;
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings,
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreprov'd."———

Amidst the silence of solitude, he reflects on the brevity of human existence,—the childishness of ti-

tles, the silliness of vanity—the transientness of fame, the uncertainty of the sweetest of all joys, domestic pleasures, and the precariousness of friendship—he compares his own situation with the restless great, he finds it superior, and feels satisfied, and contented, he cultivates his taste for the arts with becoming ardour—he forms his mind from the best models—he regulates his conduct by the most eminent examples; in short he is enamoured with VIRTUE, and every faculty of his soul, and every acquisition of his mind is made subservient to her wishes.——Nature to him shews not her charms in vain, her sweet variety gladdens his heart, and make his eye sparkle with unspeakable pleasure; with the first dawning of light he pours forth to the divine giver of light and life, his grateful orisons, and when the "dewy star of Eve" shines he repeats with thankfulness his devout vespers. On all occasions, and in every varied scene of nature, or of providence, he is satisfied and unfeignedly thankful.

To compare with these physical, and moral advantages, what has the metropolis to offer? Can impure air pregnant with disease—the noise of riot—the continual "hum of men"—the scenes of shameless debauchery, be in any degree adequate to produce health, and happiness? Does the morality of the crouded theatre reflect man's image, and character, with equal force and energy, as the book of nature; and is the splendor of assemblies equal to the mild radiance of a moon-light evening.

Social pleasures, many will assert, are to be procured in town, suitable to every taste, every capacity, and every situation--admitted. Amidst so many multitudes, it would be strange not to find men capacitated to afford us pleasure and instructions but even this pleasure is subject to some alloy, for man naturally fond of variety is often unsteady—he flies from one end of the town to the other for

enjoyment, like a summer insect he buzzes away the transient hours, and often ranges from circle to circle without feeling, and without imparting sterling pleasure, or affording intrinsic advantage. To sum up the whole, it appears that the mind can be more rationally employed in the country than in town, its calm tranquillity seems more congenial to its nature, it disposes it to solid reflection, and leads it to improvement—it hushes the turbulent passions—soothes the clamours of discontent—mitigates the pain of disappointment, stifles the fire of resentment, excites the heart to benevolence, and inclines the soul to sympathy, love, and charity, whilst all the advantages resulting from the Town are useless wealth—foolish honour—uncertain reputation, and ruined health—Do these bear any proportion to real benefits, and inestimable virtues? The shadow may as well be compared to the substance; the counterfeit jewel, to the genuine diamond.

THE PRINCE OF HESSE AND THE GREY ASS.

SOME of the German prints relate the following anecdote of Prince Charles of Hesse, field marshal of Denmark, and commander in chief of the Danish troops sent to take possession of Hamburgh a short time ago.

"On his march to Hamburgh he halted at a small town called Pinneberg, in the duchy of Holstein, distant from Hamburgh about twelve English miles. There were two inns in the place; the one had for its sign a *Grey Ass*, and the other a *Black Cow*. On asking which was the first, his serene highness was told the former: he accordingly alighted there, and went in. As he was preparing to take his departure, the landlord made his appearance, and in a supplicating tone told him, that

he had a favour to request, which, he trusted, his serene highness would not take amiss, but grant him. "Why not," was the reply, "provided nothing particular be in the way." The landlord then told his illustrious visitor, that he had long been dissatisfied with his present sign, alledging that it was too vulgar, considering the number of gentry that visited his house: he therefore thought, that if permission was given him to hang up a portrait of his serene highness, in the place of the *Grey Ass*, it could not fail to be a still greater inducement to companies repairing to his tavern, which, by the way, had always enjoyed a pre-eminence over that of his neighbour. The prince gave his assent, and the painter was immediately sent for, who, in a great hurry, finished the so much desired sign, at the bottom of which was written, in large golden letters, *Prince Charles of Hesse.* The other landlord, a fellow, it should seem, of some acuteness of discernment, was struck with the idea that there was now, perhaps, a fine opportunity for him to raise the fame of his house, by transforming the *Black Cow* into the *Grey Ass*—thinking, as he very justly did, that he should thereby at least attract a great many guests that otherwise intended to go to his rival, the fame of whose house, known by the sign of the *Grey Ass*, was spread far and wide: nor was he in the wrong, for the thing took, and succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Our other hero, sadly disappointed and chagrined, saw too late into the inconsistency of his conduct. Out of revenge, and, as it were, to make good the injury he had thus evidently brought upon himself, he ordered down the new sign, and, as a necessary explanation, previous to its being replaced, caused to be written over the head of the field-marshal—"*This is the real Grey Ass.*"

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LIV.]

ALFRED,

AN EPIC POEM BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

Ah! who can tell the pangs which ALFRED felt,
Whilst wandering slow o'er wilds and desert wastes,
Joyless and pondering on the weight of ills
That now o'erwhelm'd him! What his mind endur'd
Whose first of earthly hopes was to behold
His people happy, while his own great mind
Plann'd for their good and nurs'd luxurious thoughts
Of high achievement.——— COTTLE.

IN the fourth book of this excellent Poem, ALFRED proceeds to the Isle of Ethelney—his adventures on the way thither and his reception there, are replete with entertainment. The king mused on his low estate, and it very properly gave rise to the following just reflections:

——"Whence came the monster Pride?
Didst thou vain mortal! catch thy haughty mien
From scenes like these, and fancy that the light
Of the first morning, beam'd alone on thee?
For thee the sky lark sung, the breeze awoke
Burden'd with fragrance, and round thy head
Wanton'd in servile dalliance? Spirits vile
May in the turmoil of this world assault
Oft times our peace, but he who nature loves
And in the beauty of creation feels
His heart immersed will never stoop to mourn
Inferior benefits. To feel within
Capacities and pleasures pure and high
Unthought of by the vulgar, to survey
The world's wide harmony, and to believe
Its congregated forms for us were made,
Might curb the aspiring heart methinks that pants

For transitory guides and teach the worth
The proud pre-eminence of being man!!!

The king passing along, found the corpse of poor old Nidor with whom he had benevolently divided his loaf—he had been murdered--this spectacle therefore excited the most melancholy sensations. Failing to find an habitation where he might rest his weary limbs—Alfred lay down by the side of a brook till the morning came, when he prosecuted his journey. By and by he entered a cottage, where he was roughly addressed by the Neatherd's wife, who put him to watch her cakes which were then baking—he however forgetting his employ, burnt them! She was extremely angry, and for some time would not be pacified. The story is so well known that it need not be here introduced. At this critical moment the neatherd himself arrives, who announces the destruction of Glastonbury abbey!! He then pathetically addresses his spouse—

——— ——————— My wife!
It is a bitter time for thee and me,
But what are our dismays compared with his,
Our good king ALFRED? think what he endures
That injured prince! the noblest best of men!
His heart is tender, and he calls his own
All virtues and all trials. Think of him,
Driven from his throne, and forced to see
Himself to death devoted, and his Queen
And infant child houseless and wanting bread.
Think of thy prince!

——————"At these words I feel
My spirit calm," cried ACCA, "Where is now
Our good and valiant king? have tidings reach'd
Thine ear since last we parted? for I long
To know his welfare!" "Nothing have I learnt,"
Replied the neatherd. "Heartless now he roams
With a few faithful followers 'mid woods

And secret coombs, and in the holes of rocks,
Far from all human dwelling. 'Tis a joy
For thee and me, that at this trying time
Our sons are with him, and a bolder pair
Of rustic Saxons live not to oppose
The nobler Danes." "Now it is time to rest,"
Acca replied, "for fast the sun declines
And tho' we fail to sleep 'tis well to court
That friend of every sorrow." "To thy room!"
Loud to the king she spake. He heard when all
Pass'd to their reeden beds.

Little did the good woman imagine that her monarch, of whom she spoke so affectionately, and to whom she behaved so roughly, was at that moment her guest! His sentiments and feelings are happily pourtrayed during his retirement to rest that evening—the paragragh closes the book—

——————— But ALFRED's eye
No slumber visited. He watch'd the moon
And counted o'er the brightest of the stars
That shone in heaven, and strove to dissipate
The fix'd and gnawing load that on his heart
Press'd hard, but it was vain—his woes sprang up
Pre-eminent and dar'd his will and bore
A master's sway—ruling, his passive mind.
His faithful ODDUNE leaguer'd round and now
No force to aid him. Of ALSWITHA slain
For ever gone, and of his infant son
Toss'd on the hostile spear whose piercing cries
No father's arm could succour. "'Tis the hour
Of vengeance!" cried the king. "My kindling breast
Glows with one purpose! By the eternal God
Now I am roused! The Danish cup is full.
The incense of their crimes hath steam'd to heaven
And God demands my vengeance!" Many plans
All deadly to and fro thro' ALFRED's mind
Pass'd rapid; till at length a heavy sleep
Fell on him, and his dreams were mix'd with blood!

C.

The *fifth* book contains much interesting matter—for Sigbert in search of Alfred reaches the cottage with a *child* found on a neighbouring heath by the side of a murder'd monk! The king perceives the child to be his *own* by which his mind is deeply agitated. Sigbert upbraided the monarch for not joining to oppose the Danes—ALFRED then discovers himself to Sigbert—dismisses him to gain tidings of the fate of Alswitha—sends the neatherd on a mission to Kenwith caſtle, and after entrusting his child with Acca departs to join his troops in Selwood Foreſt.

The book concludes in the following animated manner—the sentiment is good—and the language expressive—the king exclaims:

I now *must* go 'mid other scenes and strifes
Sorrows and dangers—ill it would beseem
This babe to follow me—*him* I must leave,
Where caution and fidelity may join
Their hands to serve him. He has lost a friend
A mother who adored her infant child!
And I a wife most dear. Oh look not at me!
No common loss is mine.
——————— Silent he stood
A few short moments pondering—then again:
"ACCA, with thee will I intrust my child!
Thou hast an heart of tenderness—I mark'd
Its secret workings—I can leave my boy
With thee contented—thou shalt be his guard,
This cot his dwelling, and when I again
Return and find him safe thou needst not doubt
A monarch's gratitude!
——————— ACCA replied
Well shall my care repay thy confidence!
Not from the hope of future recompence
But that I love the child. *Him* will I guard
Both when he sleeps and wakes; and when thou com'st
Again to seek thine infant, I will shew

His growing limbs, that from unceasing care
Spread out and thrive and tell the silent tale
Of health and tenderness.
——————— When thus the king
"I know that thou wilt guard him and display
A mother's fondness." Close he clasp'd the boy
And bless'd him, and to the God of Heaven
Preferr'd a prayer: when ALFRED left the door,
And urg'd his way to Selwood's forest shade.

PROSPECTS IN MUCRUSS LAKE.

(From Holmes's Tour in Ireland.)

WE entered Mucruss lake, between Brickeen and Dinas island, under a single gothic arch, which is thrown across to connect them. This lake is small, but very marked in its character, which indeed they all are.

The north and eastern sides are broken into the most grotesque forms; the rocks are stupendous, crowned with the most picturesque foliage, unassisted by soil. The waving groves of Mucruss lend their cool and grateful shade, in contrast with their opposite neighbour, the rugged woodless Turk; beyond which, in transcendent magnitude rises Mangerton.

————Over head up grow
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view———
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills dispers'd, or in a lake
———————Unite their streams.

Its known altitude is 1020 yards above the surface of the lake, which lies considerably higher than the sea. It abounds with extraordinary objects, well worth (to the curious naturalist) the trouble of exploring. On its western side is a small

circular lake, or baſon, about ſix hundred yards in diameter, across the top; from the brink, looking downwards, it forms a fearful depth of nearly three hundred yards; its sides are almost perpendicular, and of an equal degree of declivity; this the natives call the Devil's punch bowl, from its similar regular concavity. On the ſide next Mucruss, there is an immense perpendicular chasm, equal in depth to the height of the sides of the bowl, through which the overflowing of this lake empties itself, tumbling down the sides of the hill, nearly two hundred feet into Mucruss lake, forming a grand and broken fall.

On our return, along Glenaâ, we discovered innumerable echoes, prodigiously grand and solemn, particularly from the cannon, which burst like the most dreadful thunder rolling from side to side; frequently dying away, they would re-commence, and approach us slowly; sometimes interrupted by a sudden sound like a single clap of thunder, answered by two or three distinctly, then mingle into one continued sound, seeming as if the mountains groaned in dreadful labour, such as precedes the most horrible commotion of nature.

The sad and awful impressions made upon the mind by this terrible sublime effect, are delightfully displaced by the echoes from the horn, which are exquisite, and the very soul of harmony *. Before

* There are certain letters which no echo will return, or express, particularly an S; of which lord Bacon gives a pleasant instance, in a celebrated echo formed by the walls of a ruined church, at Pont Charenton, near Paris; where there was an old Parisian who took it to be the work of spirits, and of good spirits; 'for,' said he, 'if you call Satan, the echo will not deliver back the Devil's name, but will say vat'en, which signifies avoid;' by which circumstance his lordship discovered that an echo would not return an S.

we reached the island of Innisfallen, the face of the lake became totally changed; the sky began to lower, and darkened the surface of the water, assuming an alarming aspect, particularly to us who were unused to the sudden changes that are frequently experienced during this and the ensuing month. The boatmen declaring it would be squally, pressed forward with all their might. Thick mists hung down the hills and hid them entirely. By degrees a general gloom involved the whole, while the wind swept down the sides of Glenaá and Tomish; lifting the waves to an alarming height, giving it all the appearance of the angry Atlantic. This was followed by heavy rain, which, with the waves breaking over us, soaked us entirely through; even the thick coats which the boatmen lent us proved insufficient to protect us from the spray. At length we gained the island, but not without some difficulty. A good fire at the fisherman's cottage, where our dinner was dressing, proved a seasonable relief; and we seated ourselves round it with no small degree of pleasure, I assure you. About four o'clock the evening calmed, and the surface of the lake resumed its wonted serenity; this opportunity we availed ourselves of, and, embarking, crossed over to the woody shores of Glenaá, where we were instantly struck with the distant roaring of O'Sullivan's cascade, which encreased like tremendous thunder, as we ascended the rocky glen. With excessive toil we forced our way through thick entangled woods and pathless steeps, till at once it burst upon our view.

Smooth to the shelving brink the copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure street, it ushers broad;

Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls;
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose:
But, raging still among the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course snd lessened roar,
It gains a safer bed.———

These lines of Thomson so truly depict the scene, that I could not resist describing it with his words. Here we met with some girls gathering nuts, lightly attired, in all the simplicity of primeval innocence, pretty, and exceedingly modest.

After returning to Innisfallen, we re-embarked, and proceeded homewards; the shades of evening spread over the hills, and wrapt their forests in one deep undistinguishable gloom; the islands appearing but as black specks upon the faintly glowing surface of the waters. All was still, except where the distant wave unceasing lashed against the broken shore, producing a solitary sound, which rendered silence still more perceptible and impressive.

When within a quarter of a mile of Ross Castle, the boatmen rested on their oars, while the horn sounded four notes; these were returned once from the castle, after a lapse of about six seconds, amazingly perfect, and rather louder than the horn. After about thirty seconds more, a low and regular chord composed of the four notes, was heard among the hills; one note for a short space continuing whilst two would rise and fall; displacing each other irregularly, but still forming harmony, and seemingly endeavouring to liberate themselves from

the hills, which at length they apparently effect, and move around upon the surface of the water.

This has all the effect of magic upon the musical mind, and lifts it above the ordinary feelings of its nature.

THE CHACE IN IRELAND.

We propose leaving Killarny to-morrow morning, and shall direct our course towards Cork; I, however, cannot quit it without speaking of the novelties of the chace, which here is enjoyed in a manner peculiar to the spot. The echoes caused by this sport reverberate the sounds in a manner not to be believed by any but those who have heard them; the duration of a single sound being near a minute, and yet the repercussions are innumerable, and the variety inconceivable. The deer are roused from the deep woods which skirt the lake by hunters used to the sport on foot, as horses are useless, not being able to make their way through the bottoms, nor rise the steep declivities. The hills are lined with hardy peasants, who encounter the most imminent danger and extreme fatigue to assist and enjoy the chace; while on the lake are scattered numerous boats, full of anxious spectators. The animal darting from his covert, makes towards the soft lawns, which sometimes verge upon the lake; and bounding along the shore, he is hotly pursued by his long-tongued enemies, whose various notes, and the cheering shouts of the men along the hills, joined with the sounding horns through the woods and on the lake, cause one continual roll of harmonic thunder among the hills and hanging forests. He now looks upwards, and panting seeks the rocky eminence, but in vain; his lofty antlers, once his pride, are now, alas, his ruin!—He presses

on, plunging in entangled boughs and thickets, which cruelly retard his progress, till glancing backwards, he sees his open-mouthed enemies gaining on his heels, then downwards again he bounds and gains the shore; but here he is assailed by the loud shouts and horns, of the enjoying spectators in their crowded boats. He hesitates—once more looks upward; but the hills are insurmountable, and his favourite shades now oppose his flight and refuse him shelter. A moment longer he stops—looks back:—the roaring of the dogs are in his ears—their eager mouths send forth the cry of death as they gain upon his lagging steps—the big tears start from his distracted eyes, which are fixed in ardent gaze upon the lake, his last and sad retreat. Suddenly, in desperation, he plunges from the bank, and gives his ample breast unto the wave. But, alas! his fate is fixed—he gains but a few minutes respite—the shouting boatmen surround the victim—he is dragged with ropes into their boat—and, with peals of exultation that thunder through the woods, he is brought to land.

Thus snatching his life from the cruel pack, he, fainting, yields it to relentless man.

THE LATE REV. GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

WHATEVER have been the political sentiments of Mr. Wakefield, there can be few who are truly zealous for the promotion of useful knowledge, and interested in the cultivation of the human mind; that must not sincerely regret his death. He particularly excelled in classical acquirements, and there was not an author of any eminence or merit in the Greek and Latin schools, with whose letter and spirit he was not intimately

acquainted. Mr. Wakefield was born on February the 22nd, 1756, in the parsonage-house of St. Nicholas, in Nottingham, of which church his father was then rector. When he had attained his seventh year, he was initiated in the Latin language, at the free-school of Nottingham, under the Rev. Dr. Samuel Beardmore, afterwards master of the Charterhouse. At the age of nine he was removed to Wilford, near Nottingham. At the age of thirteen, Mr. Wakefield found in the person of the Rev. Richard Wooddeson, father of the present vinerian professor, a preceptor suited to his desire; and, after tasting the streams of Greek and Roman literature at their fountain head, his parents began to think of sending him to the University, on which a studency in Christ-church, Oxford, was offered him; this he luckily escaped, in consequence of his father's predilection for his own college; and it still seemed to afford a subject of exultation to the son, even in his riper years, as "orthodox theology, high church politics, and passive obedience to the powers that be, sit enthroned," according to him, in a seminary, once "*nutrix heroum*," the venerable nurse of Somers, Hales, Selden, Chillingworth, and Locke.

At length he obtained a scholarship in Jesus Colledge, Cambridge; and it so happened, that he exactly suited the intention of the founder, who preferred "the son of a living clergyman, born at Nottingham," both of which conditions, as may have been observed, happened to be united in him. On January 16, 1776, he took his degree of B. A. with seventy-four other candidates for academical honours; and, on this occasion, he was nominated to the second post. Soon after this (April 16), he was elected fellow; and, in the course of the same year, he printed at the university-press a small col-

lection of Latin poems, with a few notes on Horace, by way of an appendix. On the 22nd of March, 1778, he was ordained a deacon, by Dr. Hinchliffe, bishop of Peterborough, in the chapel of Trinity College, at the age of twenty-two years and one month. On April 14, Mr. Wakefield left the university for the curacy of Stockport, in Cheshire. He did not, however, remain long here, for we find him, soon after, with his brother at Richmond, decidedly averse to the renewal of subscription, and embarrassed at the idea of ecclesiastical functions.

On March 23rd, 1779, he vacated his fellowship by marriage. About the same time, he exchanged the curacy of St. Peter's for that of St. Paul's, where he had more leisure for his studies. From an humble attempt to establish a day-school, he was diverted by an offer of the tutorship of the classical department at Warrington academy, in Lancashire, wither he removed in August, 1779. On the dissolution of the Warrington academy, a removal took place in the autumn of 1783, to Bramcote, within four miles of Nottingham, where Mr. Wakefield endeavoured, but in vain, to procure a few respectable pupils. In this rural retreat, he published the first volume of "An Enquiry into the Opinions of the Christian Writers of the three first Centuries, concerning the Person of Jesus Christ;" but notwithstanding the commendation of many excellent judges, he was not encouraged by the sale to proceed with the continuation. We find him a second time, in May, 1784, fixed at Richmond, advertising for pupils, and renewing his applications to his friends. At Michaelmas, we again hear of him in his native town of Nottingham, where he had three or four pupils under his care for several years, on very handsome terms; and about

this time he was elected an Honorary Member of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, in consequence of his "Essay on the Origin of Alphabetical Characters."

On the eſtabliſhment of the new college at Hackney, Mr. Wakefield was deemed a proper person to fill the office of Claſſical Inſtructor; and he was at length appointed to this ſtation, in July, 1790. His connections, however, with the inſtitution, was diſſolved at the end of eleven months, having retired in June, 1791: the ſeminary did not long ſurvive this loſs.

The moſt diſtinguiſhed of Mr. Wakefield's publications are his Remarks on the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion; Silva Critica; New Tranſlation of the Teſtament, with Notes; his pamphlet on Religious Worſhip; Remarks and Illuſtrations on the Works of Alexander Pope; An Examination of the Age of Reaſon; Reply to the Letter of Edmund Burke, Eſq. to a Noble Lord; his Letter to Mr. Wilberforce; and a Reply to ſome parts of the Biſhop of Llandaff's Addreſs to the People of Great Britain, which cauſed his confinement in Dorcheſter jail.

Mr. Wakefield's death was occaſioned by a fever which he caught in conſequence of an unuſual exertion in walking, an exerciſe of which he was particularly fond.

MEMOIRS
OF
THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON,
Written by Herself.

WE pass over a few pages at the commencement of this work, and proceed to lay before our readers, this unfortunare woman's account of herself after her first arrival in London.

"Within a few days after our arrival in London we were placed for education in a school at Chelsea. The mistress of this seminary was perhaps one of the most extraordinary women that ever graced or disgraced, society: her name was Meribah Lorrington. She was the most extensively accomplished female that I ever remember to have met with; her mental powers were no less capable of cultivation than superiorly cultivated. Her father, whose name was Hull, had from her infancy been the master of an academy at Earl's Court, near Fulham; and early after his marriage losing his wife, he resolved on giving this daughter a masculine education. Meribah was early instructed in all the modern accomplishments, as well as in classical knowledge. She was mistress of the Latin, French, and Italian languages; she was said to be a perfect arithmetician and astronomer, and possessed the art of painting on silk to a degree of exquisite perfection. But, alas! with all these advantages she was addicted to one vice, which at times so completely absorbed her faculties, as to deprive her of every power, either mental or corporeal. Thus, daily and hourly, her superior acquirements, her enlightened understanding, yielded to the intemperance of her ruling infatuation, and every power of reflection seemed lost in the unfeminate propensity.

All that I ever learned I acquired from this extraordinary woman. In those hours when her senses were not intoxicated, she would delight in the task of instructing me. She had only five or six pupils, and it was my lot to be her particular favourite. She always, out of school, called me her little friend, and made no scruple of conversing with me, (sometimes half the night, for I slept in her chamber,) on domestic and confidential affairs. I felt for her a very sincere affection, and I listened with peculiar attention to all the lessons she inculcated. Once I recollect her mentioning the particular failing which disgraced so intelligent a being: she pleaded, in excuse of it, the immitigable regret of a widowed heart, and with compunction declared that she flew to intoxication as the only refuge from the pang of prevailing sorrow. I continued more than twelve months under the care of Mrs. Lorrington, during which period my mother boarded in a clergyman's family at Chelsea. I applied rigidly to study, and acquired a taste for books, which has never, from that time, deserted me. Mrs. Lorrington frequently read to me afte school hours, and I to her: I sometimes indulged my fancy in writing verses, or composing rebuses; and my governess never failed to applaud the juvenile compositions I presented to her. Some of them, which I preserved and printed in a small volume shortly after my marriage, were written when I was between twelve and thirteen years of age; but as love was the theme of my poetical phantasies, I never showed them to my mother, till I was about to publish them.

It was my custom, every Sunday evening, to drink tea with my mother. During one of those visits, a captain in the British navy, a friend of my father's, became so partial to my person and

manners that a proposal of marriage shortly after followed. My mother was astonished when she heard it, and as soon as she recovered from her surprise, inquired of my suitor how old he thought me: his reply was, "about sixteen." My mother smiled, and informed him that I was not then quite thirteen. He appeared to be sceptical on the subject, till he was again assured of the fact, when he took his leave with evident chagrin, but not without expressing his hopes that, on his return to England, for he was going on a two years expedition, I should be still disengaged. His ship foundered at sea a few months after, and this amiable, gallant officer perished.

I had remained a year and two months with Mrs. Lorrington, when pecuniary derangements obliged her to give up her school. Her father's manners were singularly disgusting, as was his appearance; for he wore a silvery beard which reached to his breast; and a kind of Persian robe which gave him the external appearance of a necromancer. He was of the anabaptist persuasion, and so stern in his conversation that the young pupils were exposed to perpetual terror: added to these circumstances, the failing of his daughter became so evident, that even during school hours she was frequently in a state of confirmed intoxication. These events conspired to break up the establishment, and I was shortly after removed to a boarding-school at Battersea.

The mistress of this seminary, Mrs. Leigh, was a lively sensible and accomplished woman, her daughter was only a few years older than myself, and extremely amiable as well as lovely. Here I might have been happy, but my father's remissness in sending pecuniary supplies, and my mother's dread of pecuniary inconvenience induced her to

remove me: my brother nevertheless still remained under the care of the Reverend Mr. Gore, at Chelsea.

Several months elapsed, and no remittance arrived from my father. I was now near fourteen years old, and my mother began to foresee the vicissitudes to which my youth might be exposed, unprotected, tenderly educated, and without the advantages of fortune. My father's impracticable scheme had impoverished his fortune, and deprived his children of that affluence which, in their infancy, they had been taught to hope for. I cannot speak of my own person, but my partial friends were too apt to flatter me. I was naturally of a pensive and melancholy character; my reflections on the changes of fortune frequently gave me an air of dejection which perhaps excited an interest beyond what might have been awakened by the vivacity or bloom of juvenility.

I adored my mother; she was the mildest, the most unoffending of existing mortals; her temper was cheerful, as her heart was innocent: she beheld her children as it seemed fatherless, and she resolved, by honourable means, to support them. For this purpose a convenient house was hired at Little Chelsea, and furnished, for a lady's boarding-school. Assistants of every kind were engaged, and I was deemed worthy of an occupation that flattered my self-love, and impressed my mind with a sort of domestic consequence. The English language was my department in the seminary, and I was permitted to select passages both in prose and verse for the studies of my infant pupils: it was also my occupation to superintend their wardrobes, to see them dressed and undressed by the servants or

half-boarders, and to read sacred and moral lessons on saints'-days and Sunday evenings.

Shortly after my mother had established herself at Chelsea, on a summer's evening, as I was sitting at the window, I heard a deep sigh or rather a groan of anguish, which suddenly attracted my attention. The night was approaching rapidly, and I looked towards the gate before the house, where I observed a woman evidently labouring under excessive affliction; I instantly descended and approached her. She bursting into tears, asked whether I did not know her. Her dress was torn and filthy;—she was almost naked;—and an old bonnet, which nearly hid her face, so completely disfigured her features that I had not the smallest idea of the person who was then almost sinking before me. I gave her a small piece of money, and inquired the cause of her apparent agony: she took my hand and pressed it to her lips.—"Sweet girl," said she, "you are still the angel I ever knew you!"—I was astonished; she raised her bonnet—her fine dark eyes met mine. It was Mrs. Lorrington. I led her into the house; my mother was not at home. I took her to my chamber, and, with the assistance of a lady who was our French teacher, I clothed and comforted her. She refused to say how she came to be in so deplorable a situation; and took her leave. It was in vain that I entreated, that I conjured her to let me know where I might send to her. She refused to give me her address, but promised that in a few days she would call on me again. It is impossible to describe the wretched appearance of this accomplished woman! The failing to which she had now yielded, as to a monster that would destroy her, was evident even at the moment when she was speaking to me. I saw no more of her:

but to my infinite regret I was informed some years after, that she had died, the martyr of a premature decay, brought on by the indulgence of her propensity to intoxication, in the workhouse—of Chelsea!

(To be continued.)

AN EXCURSION

THROUGH THE COUNTY OF KENT,

Made at different times, but concluded in the month of July, 180!, in Three Letters to a Pupil.

By JOHN EVANS, A. M.

MASTER OF A SEMINARY FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF PUPILS, PULLINS ROW, ISLINGTON.

——————— O famous Kent!
What county hath this Isle that can compare with thee!
That hath within thyself as much as thou canst wish;
Nor any thing doth want that any where is good.

DRAYTON.

LETTER 1st.

MY WORTHY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE amusement which you profess to have received from the perusal of my former *Tours* through several parts of England and Wales, encourages me to address you on the present occasion. It will afford me pleasure to know that this sketch of a neighbouring county is equally acceptable to you; topics of entertainment and instruction offer themselves to our attention, and it becomes us to appropriate every incident to our intellectual and moral improvement. I pretend not to detail what has escaped the notice of other travellers. But it shall be my province to collect interesting particu-

lars, which aided by my own observations may gratify curiosity.

The celebrated Julius Cæsar in his Commentaries makes particular mention of Kent, being the theatre of his most renowned actions in Britain. He beſtows on it the name of *Cantium*, so that the revolution of eighteen hundred years has produced no other change than the giving it a more English sound. Camden thinks with great probability, that Kent is so called from Britain here extending into a *large corner* eaſtward, and might therefore be derived from the word *Canton* or *Cant* which signifies a corner. In this sense the term is still used in the science of Heraldry. The length of this county from east to west is 63 miles, its average breadth 35 miles. Its circumference includes nearly 170 miles. It contains 12,480,000 acres of land, upwards of 40,000 houses, 400 parishes, and 30 considerable towns. Yorkshire, Devonshire, Lincolnshire, Hampshire, and Northumberland, are the only larger counties in Great Britain.

Leaving London for Canterbury, we passed through the Borough, famous for its extent and population, and soon reach *Deptford*. This is the first place we meet with on the road, and is entitled to attention. Standing on the river Ravensbourne, it is supposed at this part to have had a deep ford, which would have easily passed in to its present name of Deptford. It first began to assume an importance in the reign of Henry VIII. who erected a store-house for the Royal Navy. In the dock-yard belonging to government about 1000 men are employed. Near this spot is the house where *Peter the Great*, Czar of Muscovy lived, when he learnt the art of ship-building, which he carried with him to Russia, and by the cultivation of which, the

prosperity of that vast empire was wonderfully advanced:

Immortal Peter! first of monarchs he
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts,
And roaming ev'ry land in every port
His sceptre laid aside—with glorious hand
Unweari'd plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom and of martial skill.

THOMSON.

Nor was it far from hence that the remains of the *Pelican* were deposited, in which Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the globe! Out of its relics a chair was made and presented to the university of Oxford. This circumstance gave rise to the following lines of Cowley:

To this great ship which round the world has run,
And match'd in race the chariot of the sun!
This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim
Without presumption so deserv'd a name,)
By knowledge once and transformation now
In her new shape this sacred port allow.
Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from fate
An happier station or more bless'd estate,
For lo! a seat of endless rest is given
To *her* in Oxford—and to *him* in heaven.

Besides the royal dock yard, are several respectable yards in the vicinity of Deptford; particularly those of Messrs. Randall and Brents, Messrs. Wells, &c. appropriated chiefly to the mercantile interests of Great Britain. In Greenland dock, ships laden with *blubber* or the fat of whales, find a safe retreat; and the oil extracted here is considerable. However useful this article may be to mankind, the process of its operation is peculiarly offensive, for it is impossible to say one word on the deliciousness of its fragrancy.

The Trinity House at Deptford, is a society of no small utility. It was incorporated by Henry VIII. and its privileges in several successive reigns, have received enlargement. Its province is to take cognizance of sea-marks and erect light-houses, cleanse the Thames, grant licences to poor seamen not free of the city to row on the river, examine the mathematical children at Christ's hospital, appoint pilots, and assist in other matters connected with the maritime department of the country. This corporation is governed by a master, four wardens, eight assistants, and eighteen elder brethren. The Duke of Marlborough, Earl Howe, Lord Bridport, and the Right Hon. William Pitt, are among the honorary members. Every year this company relieves about 3000 poor seamen, widows, and orphans. On Trinity Monday they have a grand procession, from their house on Tower-hill to the hall at Deptford, when they choose a master for the ensuing year. Such an institution ably conducted must prove of essential service to society.

Formerly Deptford had only one church, that of St. Nicholas, a saint whom our Saxon forefathers thought propitious to mariners, merchants, and fishermen. In the year 1730, the new church of St. Paul's was consecrated, one edifice being found insufficient to contain the inhabitants of this populous district. It is an elegant structure, and the ground adjoining to it is filled with head stones, those common memorials of our mortality! Close to it stands an old General-baptist place of worship, which has been recently repaired at a considerable expence, by some worthy individuals belonging to it. It is encircled by a burying ground, where lie the remains of persons of respectability. It contains a neat tomb belonging to the family of T. Hollis, Esq. a name well known in the literary

world. This religious society has the honour of producing the Rev. Dr. John Gale, whose learning and abilities are the subject of admiration with all those who are versed in the researches of Theology. He contended most ably for *baptism by immersion administered to adults alone*, againſt Dr. Wall a learned minister of the church of England. Notwithstanding these differences of opinion he was in habits of intimacy with several prelates, and with persons of high stations in society. In the year 1721, and in the 41st of his age, he was suddenly carried off by a fever. Besides his famous controversial writings on baptism, he left behind him four volumes of Sermons, which have been much admired. His memory will be revered for the solidity of his talents, the soundness of his learning, and the extent of his liberality. There is also at Deptford a neat independent meeting, and other places of worship for the dissenters.

A little below Deptford stands *Greenwich*, formerly distinguished for its royal palace, and now known for its hospital throughout the world. In the reign of Henry V. it was a fishing town. At present it covers a considerable portion of ground, and boasts of a large population. It contains one church of an elegant appearance, built in the course of the last century. In the old palace bloody Mary and prosperous Elizabeth were born; and here the pious Edward VI. breathed his last, to the deep regret of all true protestants. When the royal family resided on this spot—the opposite peninsula now called *the Isle of Dogs*, took its name from the circumstance that the animals were kept there, with which they took the diversion of hunting. Many places derive their names from circumstances of this kind equally trifling, which have been in after ages consigned to oblivion.

But the Hospital for decayed seamen is a most noble institution and deserving of particular attention. It raises its majestic front close to the river, and to the passing voyager exhibits many traits of sublimity. Charles II. began the superb structure, and George II. finished it. Its chapel is extremely elegant, on the sides are galleries for the officers and their families, whilst beneath are seats for the pensioners, nurses, and boys. Above the altar is an appropriate representation of *the Shipwreck of Paul* by West, who has exercised his pencil with great success on scriptural subjects. The hall is decorated by some fine paintings, undertaken by Sir James Thornhill in 1708, but not finished till about twenty years after this period. Portraits of the royal founders meet the eye, though the *four seasons* are the best calculated to produce a pleasing impression. The old man shivering with cold and stretching out his hands towards a scanty pittance of fire is admirably delineated. I recollect the sensations with which it inspired me. For the moment I felt that chillness which the dreariness of winter occasions—when

"It reigns tremendous 'oer the conquer'd year!"

Nor must we forget to mention a series of small pictures in the anti-chamber to the council-room. They represent the loss of the Luxemburgh galley, commanded by Capt. William Kellaway, burnt on her passage in 1727, from Jamaica to London, together with the horrible distresses of part of her crew who escaped in the long boat, and were at sea *twelve days* without any victuals or a single drop of liquor! *Twenty-three* were in this boat, *Six* only survived. Mr. William Boys, one of the six, was afterwards lieutenant-governor of this hospital. It is impossible for a feeling heart not to be interested

in the representation of such a series of calamities. The destruction of a ship at sea by fire, is the consummation of human misery.

As to the internal management of this hospital, a few particulars shall be mentioned. Two thousand disabled seamen are provided for in this royal asylum. Every mariner has a weekly allowance of seven loaves sixteen ounces each, three pounds of beef, two of mutton, a pint of peas, a pound and a quarter of cheese, two ounces of butter, and fourteen quarts of beer, and one shilling a week tobacco-money. Beside these allowances every common pensioner receives once in two years, a suit of blue clothes, a hat, three pair of stockings, two pair of shoes, five neckcloths, three shirts, and two nightcaps. Towards the support of this hospital, every seaman whether in the royal navy, or in the merchant service pays sixpence per month, stopped out of their wages, and paid to the treasurer of the sixpenny-office on Tower-hill. There are considerable estates belonging to the hospital, and it has received large benefactions. Such an institution is the boast of our country.

The park connected with this hospital is a delightful plot of ground; on the summit of its hill we behold the royal observatory erected by Charles II. and completely furnished with instruments for astronomical observations. This residence is allotted to the astronomer royal, with a competent salary. Flamstead, Halley, and Bradley, successively occupied this station. It indeed generally bears the name of *Flamstead-house*. The Rev. Nevil Maskelyne, D.D. F.R.S. was appointed to this office in 1765, and has filled the department with a considerable degree of respectability. From this observatory the longitude is reckoned, for the purpose of Geography and Navigation. In this park is held the famous fair at Eas-

ter and Whitsuntide, when the lower classes indulge themselves in every species of merriment and diversion.

From the park we ascend to *Blackheath*, long known in the annals of our history. When foreigners of distinction, even monarchs visited this island, they were met here by our kings with great grandeur. More particularly Maurice, Emperor of Constantinople, was in 1411 splendidly received on this plain by Henry IV. and in 1416, Henry V. met the Emperor Sigimund here, and conducted him with magnificence to London. To the west of Greenwich park, lies the mansion of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, whose letters, though they contain several excellent topics of instruction, yet are certainly injurious to the morals of the rising generation.

In the year 1780, was discovered on the side of the ascent to Blackheath, in the public road, a *cavern* consisting of many rooms. The sides and roofs are of chalk, the bottom fine dry sand. It is a matter of conjecture among the curious, to what purposes such a recess could have been appropriated. From the point on Blackheath there is a most transporting view of the metropolis with its environs. Round this ridge, the nobility and gentry frequently take a morning ride, by which their spirits are exhilarated, and a keener relish is obtained for the subsequent diversions of the day.

On the North lies *Woolwich*, famous on account of its connections with government. The royal military academy is an institution of merit. It is now under the superintendance of eminent masters. Among these we may particularly rank Dr. Hutton, Mr. Bonnycastle, and the Rev. Lewis Evans. Under such tutors we may reasonably expect a proportionate degree of improvement. Nor must we

forget that here the bombs, mortars, &c. are rendered fit for the shocking purposes of destruction. The reiterated explosions are felt miles around, and are presages of those tremendous effects that they are to produce on the enemy! Here also are the hulks, &c. of old ships, thronged with convicts, who are expiating their crimes by a laborious degradation. How far such discipline tends to reformation may bear discussion. In the opinion of some it is a school for vice, and inures the mind to a still greater degree of hardness. It is a pity that some punishment cannot be devised better calculated to effect the amendment of the unhappy criminals. Many of these persons might be reformed, and become valuable members of the community.

The convicts come on shore every day, and are employed in manual labour; they return on board to their meals, and clambering up the side of their vessels, the clanking of the chains resounds from afar, and wounds the ear of sensibility. Chained together, and subjected to the strictest regulations, their situation must be highly mortifying to their feelings. Vice is, alas! in every stage of its progress the fruitful source of misery. Far better however, is it thus to try the effects of discipline upon them, than for every little crime to consign them over to the hands of the executioner. Our laws are too sanguinary; public executions are perpetually occurring; hence a great number of poor wretches covered with crimes, are precipitated into eternity, whilst the frequency of these spectacles brutalises the lower classes of mankind. In the province of Pensylvania, capital punishments are abolished, nor has their abolition been found to injure the peace and order of Society. *Solitary imprisonment* recommended by the benevolent

Howard, answers the most valuable purposes. Few criminals are so depraved as not to feel its salutary efficacy.

On the south side of Blackheath stands *Lee* church, an ancient structure in a very secluded situation. Here lie buried amongst many other celebrated characters, *Halley* the astronomer, and *Parsons* the comedian. The latter was well known in the gay world for his powers of wit and mimickery; the former will always be revered for his discoveries in science, particularly in astronomy and navigation:

Immortal Halley! Thy unwearied soul,
On wisdom's 'pinion flew from pole to pole.
Th' uncertain compass to it's task restor'd,
Each ocean fathom'd, and each wind explor'd.
Commanded trade with ev'ry breeze to fly,
And gave to Britain half the Zemblian sky!

CAWTHORNE.

The church-yard is also decorated by an elegant monument to the memory of Lord Dacre, which Lady Dacre is said to visit daily with the most punctual devotion. Such circumstances show the wonderful power which the association of ideas holds over the human mind. To an instance of a similar kind, Akenside refers in the following beautiful lines:

——— Ask the faithful youth,
Why the *cold urn* of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms—so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should n'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast;
And turns his tears to rapture!

A little higher up on the same side of the heath, we perceive *Morden College*, founded by Sir John Morden a Turkey merchant, who died in 1708; it is designed to be the residence of decayed merchants, of which thirty-five are now cherished beneath its hospitable roof. Such institutions "rock the cradle of declining age"—and their founders leave behind them memorable proofs of their kindness and generosity.

Not far from this building, the mansion of the late Sir Gregory Page used to rear its stately head, and attract general admiration. It was begun and finished in twelve months! For this expedition various reasons were assigned; but Sir Gregory died in 1775, and in 1787 the materials were sold, so that no traces are left of its former splendour and glory! Should the report be true, that this princely seat originated in the success of the south sea company, in 1720, it may be said to bear a melancholy resemblance to that institution in its evanescent nature; they both glittered on the eye like a meteor, and then disappeared to the astonishment of mankind!

Having thus glanced at Blackheath and its environs, (the theatre also of the famous Miss Robertson's manœuvres), we proceed along the great Canterbury road up to the summit of *Shooter's-Hill*, whence we enjoy a most extensive horizon. The cities of LONDON and WESTMINSTER rise in full prospect before you, generally enveloped in smoke, but always exhibiting prominent marks of grandeur and sublimity! The sight also penetrates into Essex, Surry, and even Sussex. But the whole landscape is enriched beyond measure by the meanderings of the THAMES, the pride and ornament of Britain! Originating in a spring not larger than the palm of your hand, it gradually widens by the accession of lesser streams, till it bears

upon its bosom the stately vessels of commerce, and then pours itself into the ocean, which flings its waters round the globe!

On the brow of the hill near the seventh mile stone is a triangular brick building, raised to the memory of Sir William James, Bart. by his lady, and is beheld in every direction on account of the height of its situation, being 482 feet above the sea! He had the command of the company's marine forces in the East Indies, where he greatly distinguished himself by the capture of Severndroog castle on the coast of Malabar, April 2, 1755. He died in 1783. This singular tower has three floors, and the entrance is decorated with trophies taken from the enemy. Shooter's Hill is so called, either because here thieves from the adjoining woods have *shot* at travellers, and plundered them, or because the archers frequented this spot to exercise themselves in their favourite diversion. It is indeed a fact that King Henry the VIII, and his queen Catharine came hither from Greenwich on May Day, and were received by 200 archers clad in green, one of them personating Robin Hood as their captain, and all of them shewing his Majesty feats of extraordinary activity.

We now descend on the other side of the hill, and soon pass by the little town of *Erith*, where the East India ships unburden themselves of part of their cargo, that they may proceed up to London with the greater safety. Pushing on through Crayford, we quickly reach the town of Dartford, situated on a river whence it derives its name, and remarkable for the transparency of its waters.

Lo! the still *Darent* in whose waters clear
Ten thousand fishes play and deck his pleasant stream.
SPENCER.

Dartford has nothing very remarkable to recommend it to the notice of the traveller; it has

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market for corn and other articles, and the church possesses some degree of antiquity. Upon the river are no less than five mills, one for sawing, the other for grinding corn, one for making paper, and another for manufacturing gun-powder. A paper-mill standing not far from the town southwards, is supposed to have been the first of the kind in the kingdom. It was erected by John Spilman, a person of German extraction in the reign of Queen Elisabeth, who granted him a licence for the sole gathering of all rags, &c. during ten years, necessary for the making of writing-paper. That this however was the first mill of the kind in England has been questioned, since it is said that paper used in a book printed so far back as the year 1494, was made by John Tate, jun. of Hertford. Be this as it may, the commodity is of unquestionable utility. It is one of the grand means by which the blessings of knowledge are diffused among mankind. In one of the cemetries belonging to the town, is the following expressive epitaph on a child of three years old:

When the Archangel's trumpets blow,
And souls to bodies join;
What crowds will wish their stay below,
Had been as short as mine!

How fine a contrast do these lines form to the rubbish by which places of interment are generally disgraced. In Dorking Church Yard, I with my own eyes saw this inscription on the head stone of a child—

Grieve not for me
My dear Dad-dee,
But think how I am blest!

Surely such wretched doggrel ought to be excluded from the solemn abodes of the dead. Nothing

should be admitted which might prove in the least degree unfavourable to seriousness and piety.

Seven miles further brings us to Gravesend; and on the way thither no place deserves particular mention, except *Swanscombe*, where William the Conqueror met the *Men of Kent* covered with boughs, and appearing to him like a moving wood! Alarmed at the sight, he granted them the privileges which they demanded, amongst which was that of the *Gavelkind*, by which the landed property of the father is divided equally amongst all the sons of the family. The story about the Conqueror and the Kentish Men has indeed been thought by some to be fabulous; but the law just mentioned is a delightful reality.

Gravesend is the first port on the river Thames, and twenty-two miles distant from London. Here all outward-bound ships are obliged to cast anchor, nor are suffered to proceed farther till properly examined. Hence a fine row of shipping is often seen riding before the town, and produces on the eye of the stranger a very pleasing impression. The parishes of Gravesend and Milton are incorporated and governed by a mayor, twelve jurats, and twenty-four common council men. The town is small but neat, the streets being both paved and lighted. Mr. Pocock a respectable bookseller in the place has published its history, well worth attention. Opposite to Gravesend on the Essex side, stands *Tilbury Fort*, where Queen Elizabeth met her forces, and harangued them, when the Spanish Armada in the year 1588, threatened a most formidable invasion. It is kept in tolerable repair, and commands the entrance of the river. I saw the centinel pacing slowly on the platform; but the lateness of the evening prevented my crossing thither. The *subterraneous tunnel* under the bed

of the Thames, by which the shores of Kent and Essex will be connected, is still in contemplation, but very slowly advances. Some individuals indeed question its practicability. Not long ago I was amused by a representation of this *tunnel* at the exhibition in Somerset-House. It appeared in its finished state; lamps were seen burning on each side, and the Mail passing through with its usual rapidity!

About half way between Gravesend and Rochester we meet with *Gadshill*, where tradition says Henry Prince of Wales, son of king Henry IV, and his dissolute associates robbed the Sandwich carriers, and the auditors who were carrying money to his father's exchequer. Few of Shakespeare's plays are more read and admired than the first part of Henry the IV; and the Tourist must feel pleasure in the recollection, that here the dialogue took place between the Prince and Falstaff, which powerfully excites our risibility. Imagination with her magic wand consecrates such spots of earth, and we approach them with a more than ordinary degree of emotion. A public house in this neighbourhood has a sign with Falstaff on the one side and Henry on the other; this is a memorial of the fact already noticed.

Before we enter Rochester, we pass through *Stroud* a place of antiquity; and then over the bridge which crosses the Medway, a river which takes its rise at Crowhurst in Surry. After its meanderings by Tunbridge, Maidstone, Rochester, and other places, it empties itself into the vast and boundless ocean!

The city of ROCHESTER is known in the earlier records of our history, and many are the stories told of it, which cannot be here detailed. Its castle and cathedral, both very antique in their ap-

pearance, are the chief objects of curiosity. The castle, in the time of the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, underwent several revolutions. The cathedral also has suffered many changes, and abounds with monuments of high respectability. The bridge here flung over the Medway, may be pronounced both large and handsome—being 560 feet in length, with eleven arches, of which the greatest is forty feet in width! It has been recently improved, and does credit to the venerable city of Rochester. The inconvenience arising from passing rivers, must have been very great in the early stages of society. Bridges, therefore, are structures of inconceivable utility. In Ireland, it is said, a custom prevailed, that persons in passing an ancient bridge pulled off their hats, and prayed for the *builder's soul!* This, indeed, savours of superstition. But it is proper that the authors of all public works should be held in grateful remembrance by posterity! The town-hall is a handsome brick structure, built in 1687—here are many good portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller—and within the walls, not only do the mayor, recorder, and aldermen transact their public business, but the judges have formerly held the assizes for the county. Farther on, in the same street, we meet with the clock-house, built in 1686, by the great Sir Cloudesly Shovel—his arms, over the dial, form a pleasing decoration. I never contemplate the name of this famous admiral without emotions of sorrow. He had risen, by his merit, from a mean situation to a distinguished degree of favour, both with his king and with his country. His heroic acts, during the reigns of William and Anne, resounded through the British dominions. But, alas! returning home with his fleet in the year 1705, they struck on the Scilly Isles, when *he*, and multitudes

of his brave men perished! The next day some fishermen took him up, and having stolen a very valuable emerald ring from off his finger, stripped and buried him. The body was, however, afterward found—conveyed to Portsmouth, and thence transferred to Westminster Abbey, where a splendid monument was raised to his memory:

"Ah! human life—how transient, and how vain!
How thy wide sorrow circumscribes thy joy!
A sunny island in a stormy main!
A speck of azure in a cloudy sky!"

A long row of buildings, on a gentle eminence, called the *Bank*, connects Chatham with Rochester. Here, from the house of a friend, by whom I was entertained during my stay with great hospitality, opens a beautiful prospect of the river Medway, with its variegated shipping. On the left rises the hoary spire of Rochester cathedral, and the castle, with its battered fragments—whilst to the right Chatham appears in a kind of amphitheatre, presenting to the eye his majesty's dock-yard, with its immense store-houses, containing articles of every kind, both for the naval and military departments! Above them a fort lifts its head, and crowns the top of the hill, bidding defiance to the surrounding country! To this eminence I one evening took a walk, in company with my worthy friend, and was delighted with the prospect which offered itself to the eye from every part of the horizon! Here I saw a regiment of the Guards just encamped—all fine looking young men—their tents were remarkably neat—at the sound of the bugle-horn they instantly appeared in their respective ranks—they were stationed on this spot not merely for the purpose of repelling the enemy in case of invasion, but that they might at a moment's notice embark for any part of the world!

The town of *Chatham* itself is narrow and dirty; though, since the late terrible fire about two years ago, some parts of it are widened and improved. Being the *depot* for recruits, it is said that some *thousands of pounds* were expended annually here, which must have proved a great source of emolument to the trading part of the inhabitants. Their recent removal to the Isle of Wight was occasioned by their desertion at this place—often secreting themselves on the river Medway—and often escaping to London, where they were soon lost in the immensity of its population. Chatham church, on the side of the hill near the barracks, was rebuilt with brick in 1788—it contains many elegant marble monuments, raised to the memory of officers who died in the service of their country. The village of Brompton rises behind with a careless irregularity. To the right hand, on an ascent, when passing through the town of Chatham, stands the General Baptist Meeting, of ancient date—and, in the ground close to it, are deposited the remains of many respectable families.

From the summit of the hill above Brompton, *Sheerness* may be discerned at the distance of eighteen miles—it was built to defend the Medway, after the Dutch had, in the reign of Charles the Second, burnt our shipping at Chatham. It is a flourishing place, and has an astonishing deep well, whence water is drawn for the inhabitants. The *Nore*, immediately opposite the fort, generally exhibits a vast quantity of shipping—this was the scene of the unhappy mutiny in 1797, which violently agitated the nation, but which terminated in the execution of *Richard Parker*, and several of the other insurgents. Since that period, maritime affairs at this place have gone on with their accustomed regularity.

The Medway, from this eminence, appears truly beautiful—winding down with its serpentine evolutions to Sheerness, where it is soon lost in the German ocean:

The fair Medwaga—that, with wanton pride,
Forms silver mazes with her crooked tide!

BLACKMORE.

Ships of the first rate are built on its banks—and gliding along its bosom, they present a scene of uncommon grandeur and majesty!

But I must here check my pen for the present—and, fearful that I have, my young friend, already fatigued your attention,

Shall subscribe myself,

Your's, very sincerely,

JOHN EVANS.

P. S. My *second* letter will lead me through *Sittingbourn*, and *Feversham*, to *Canterbury*—and then round through *Margate*, *Ramsgate*, *Sandwich*, and *Deal*, into DOVER.

ACCOUNT OF THE HAREM, OR TURKISH FEMALE APARTMENTS,

Described by Mr. Russell, in his Natural History of Aleppo.

THE author of this work has availed himself of the opportunity which his profession of physician afforded, in gratifying the public curiosity with an account of the Harem, or female apartments, that characteristic object of eastern domestic œconomy.—From this part of the work we make the following extract:—

"When the ladies visit one another in a forenoon, they do not immediately unveil on coming into the Harem, lest some of the men should happen to be still at home, and might see them as they pass; but as soon as they enter the apartment of the

lady to whom the visit is intended, either one of the young ladies, or a slave assists in taking off the veil, which, being carefully folded up, is laid aside.—It is a sign the visitant intends only a short stay, when, instead of resigning the veil, she only uncovers her head, permitting the veil to hang carelessly down on the shoulders. This generally produces a friendly contest between the parties; one insisting to take the veil away, the other refusing to surrender it.—A like contest takes place at the close of the visit.—When intreaty cannot prevail on the visitant to stay longer, the veil is hidden, the slaves, instructed before-hand, pretend to search for it every where in vain, and when she urges the absolute necessity of her going, she is assured that the Aga, or master of the house, is not yet gone abroad, and is then jocosely dared to depart without it.

"In their manner of receiving one another, the ladies are less formal than the men; their complimental speeches, though in a high strain, are more rapidly and familiarly expressed.

"The common salutation is performed by laying the right hand on the left breast, and gently declining the head.—They sometimes salute by kissing the cheek; and the young ladies kiss the hands of their senior relations. They entertain with coffee and tobacco, but the sherbet and perfume are only introduced on particular occasions.

"The great men are attended in the Harem by the female slaves, in the same manner as, in the outer apartments, by the pages. They remain standing in the humble attitude of attendance, their hands crossed before them on their cincture, and their eyes fixed on the ground.—The other ladies, as well as the daughters of the family, occasionally bring the pipe and coffee, but do not remain standing; they either are desired to sit down, or they

retire. This, however, is to be understood of their Grandees; for, in ordinary life, both wives and servants minister servilely to the men; the two sexes never sitting at the table together.

"It is seldom that all the ladies of the Harem are, by the great man, seen assembled, unless they happen in the summer, to be surprised sitting in the Divan, where they meet to enjoy the cool air. At his approach they all rise up, but, if desired, resume their places (some of the slaves excepted) and return to their work. However loquacious they may have been before he entered, a respecful silence ensues the moment he appears; a restraint which they feel the less, from their being accustomed to it almost from their infancy. It is surprising how soon the clamour of children is hushed on the approach of the father; but the women often lament their want of power in his absence, in quieting the children either by threats or soothing them.

"Though the presence of the great man may impose silence on the younger ladies, he generally finds some of the elderly matrons ready enough to entertain him, should he be disposed for conversation. In this manner he learns the domestic news of the town, which though rarely a topic of discourse among the men, being in great request at the public baths, is circulated by the female pedlars, and the Bidoween women attached to the Harem. The former, who are chiefly Jewish or Christian women of a certain age, supply the ladies with gauzes, muslin, embroidery, and trinkets, and moreover have the art of collecting and embellishing all kinds of private history; the latter are not less talkative nor more secret, but possess also a licenced priviledge of speaking freely to the men, which they perfectly know how to exercise.—Their license is derived from being often retained as nurses, by

which they gain a permanent establishment in the family: the foster sister remaining attached to the Harem, and in time succeeding her mother.—The Grandees, in these indolent hours, converse also on their own domestic affairs, and amuse themselves with their children.—When they wish to be more retired they withdraw to another apartment, into which no person (except the lady to whom it belongs) is permitted to enter uncalled.

"The Turks in presence of their women, appear to affect a more haughty, reserved air than usual, and in their manner of speaking to them are less courteous and more abrupt, than they are to one another, or even to men who are much their inferiors.—As this was frequently observed in persons remarkable for an affable deportment to men, it may be considered rather as their usual manner, than ascribed to the accidental presence of an European; and is further confirmed by the ordinary behaviour of the boys, who talk to the women in an imperious manner, which they could only have learned from example. The men, perhaps, judge it politic to assume this demeanour, in a situation where dominion may be supposed to be maintained with more difficulty, than among their male dependants, and therefore venture only in hours of retirement to avow that gentleness, which, as if derogatory from their dignity, they think prudent in their general conduct to conceal, from persons whose obedience they think can alone be secured by an air of stern authority.

"The Ladies, especially those of rank, appear reserved in regard to their husbands, while they show an engaging, affectionate fondness for their brothers, though it is often returned with little more than frigid complaisance; and if their tender endearments were a tribute due to male superiority.

There are times, however, when natural affection gets the better of this cold indifference of the young men; the sight of a sister in distress, or languishing in a severe fit of illness, often produces emotions, of which, judging from general appearances, they would seem to be unsusceptible—The affection of apathy is a remarkable trait in the character of the Turk. They are led by it, under misfortunes, to assume an appearance of tranquillity, more than they possess in reality; and, on other occasions, they strive to hide that sensibility which other nations think it honourable to indulge. Their exterior manners are universally marked by this affectation; their real feelings, influenced by the common springs of humanity, are more remote from the eye of observation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

POPE's WILLOW.

THE following is stated as the origin of Pope's Willow, the famed relic of our favourite bard: "The famous and admired Weeping Willow planted by Pope, is at length felled to the ground; it has been long decaying, yet the axe still lingered, but at length the fatal stroke was given.

"I had not heard the early history of this tree till since its fall:—It came from Spain, inclosing a present to the late Lady Suffolk, who came over with George II. and Queen Caroline, who was a favourite of both, particularly so of the king. Mr. Pope was in company when the covering was taken off the present: he observed the pieces of sticks appeared as if there was some vegetation, and added, "Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England."—Under this idea he planted it in his garden, and it produced the Willow Tree that has given birth to so many others."

Epitome of Natural History.

No. IX.

THE HARE.

THE natural history of this timid animal is too interesting for us to pass over in general terms; we, therefore, propose to divide it into two parts; introducing such particulars as will be found most entertaining to our readers.

The characters of this genus of the quadruped race are, two cutting teeth in each jaw; a short tail, or none; five toes before, and four behind.

This genus, as well as the last, contains ten species, beside several subordinate varieties. Hares, including rabbits, &c. may be divided into two classes, those with, and those without tails.

THE COMMON HARE.

The hare is a well known animal. Its long ears are tipt with black; its eyes are very large and prominent; its chin is white; it has long white

whiskers. The hair or fur on its face, back, and sides, is white at the bottom, black in the middle, and tipt with tawny red. Its throat and breast are red; its belly white. Its tail is black above, and white beneath: its feet are covered with hair, even at the bottom. A large hare weighs eight pounds and a half. It is said, that in the Isle of Man some have been known to weigh twelve. Perhaps the hares, in that island, are larger nearly in the same proportion as the native breed of horses are less than others. The length of a common hare, from the nose to the tail, is two feet. It inhabits all parts of Europe, most parts of Asia, Japan, Ceylon, Egypt and Barbary. It is a watchful, timid animal, always lean; and runs swifter up a hill than on even ground: hence, when started, it endeavours to run up hill. It frequently escapes the hounds by various artful doublings. It frequently keeps all day in its seat, and feeds by night. It returns to its form by the same road that it left it: it does not pair. Their rutting season is February or March, when the male pursues the female by the sagacity of its nose. They breed often in the year; go with young only thirty or thirty-one days; and bring three or four at a time. The male and female are liable to be mistaken the one for the other. The mother suckles her young about twenty days. The fur is of great use in the manufacture of hats.

Hares feed on vegetables, and are very fond of the bark of young trees, except that of the alder and lime, which, it is said, they never touch. They are great lovers of birch, parsley and pinks. Their flesh was a forbidden food amongst the ancient Britons: the Romans, on the contrary, held it in great esteem.

Inter quadrupedes gloria primal epus,

was the opinion of Martial; and Horace, who was a *bon vivant*, says that every man of taste must prefer the wing:

Fecundi leporis sapiens sectabitur armos.

Even at present the flesh of the female is preferred to that of the male; and that of those bred on dry hilly ground, to that of those who reside in marshy or wet places.

The hare and the rabbit afford to man the double advantage arising from their number and utility. Hares sleep much, but always with their eyes open. They have neither eye-lids nor eye-lashes. Their eyes seem to be bad; but they have an acute sense of hearing, and enormous ears in proportion to the size of their bodies. These long ears they move with great facility, and employ them as a rudder to direct their course, which is so rapid, that they outstrip all other animals. The period of their natural life is said to be about seven years: but, it is said, the males live longer than the females. They pass their days in solitude and silence, frequently in fear and trembling; as a falling leaf is sufficient to alarm them. Their voice is never heard, but when they are seized or wounded. It is a sharp loud cry, and has some resemblance to the human voice. They are easily tamed; but never acquire that degree of attachment which is necessary to make them domestic; they always take the first opportunity of regaining their liberty. They have been trained to beat a drum, to perform gestures in cadence, &c. They want not instinct sufficient for their own preservation, nor sagacity for escaping their enemies. The sportsman has frequent opportunities of observation, and can recount many instances of their surprising sagacity, though they have not all equal experience and cun-

ning. They turn more or less white with age. They are thought to be larger and stronger, in proportion to the coldness of the climate. A perpetual enmity is carried on against them, not only by men and dogs, but also by cats, foxes, wolves, and birds of prey, such as owls, buzzards, vultures, and eagles; so that it is almost a miracle that any of them escape destruction.

There have been several instances of what may be called monsters in this species, horned hares, having excrescences growing out of their heads, the likest of any thing to the horns of the roebuck. Such instances have occurred in Saxony; and Dr. Pallas adds another found in Astracan.

In Cook's voyages, mention is made of straw-coloured animals like dogs, which run like hares, seen in New Holland.

THE VARYING HARE.

The varying hare has a soft down upon it, which is grey in summer, with a slight mixture of black and tawny. Its ears are shorter, and its legs are more slender than those of the common hare: its tail is entirely white, even in summer: its feet are most closely and warmly covered with fur. In winter the whole animal changes to a snowy whiteness, except the tips and edges of the ears, which remain black; as do also the soles of the feet, on which, in Siberia, the fur is doubly thick. It is less than the common species. It inhabits the highest Scottish Alps, Norway, Lapland, Russia, Siberia, Kamschatka, the banks of the Wolga, and Hudson's Bay. In Scotland, it keeps on the top of the highest hills, and never descends into the vales, nor mixes with the common hares. It does not run fast, but takes shelter in the clefts of rocks: it is easily tamed; is full of frolic, and

fond of honey, and caraway comfits: it changes its colour in September, and resumes its grey coat in April. In the extreme cold of Greenland only, it is always white. Both this, and the preceding species, are common in Siberia, and on the banks of the Wolga. The one never changes colour; the other, a native of the same place, constantly assumes the whiteness of the snow during the winter. This it does not only in the open air and in a state of liberty; but, as has been proved by experiment, even when tame and preserved in apartments kept warm with stoves, in which it experienced the same changes of colour, as if it had remained on the snowy plain.

They assemble, and are seen in troops of five or six hundred, migrating in spring, and returning in autumn. Compelled by the want of subsistence, they quit in winter the lofty hills, and seek the plains and wooded parts, where vegetables abound. Towards spring, they return to their mountain quarters.

Mr. Muller says he once saw two black hares of a wonderful fine gloss, and of as full a black as jet. Another of the same kind was taken near Casan in winter in 1768. These specimens were much larger than the common kind. In the southern and western parts of Russia, there is a mixed breed of hares, between this and the common species. It sustains during winter only, a partial loss of colour. The sides, and more exposed parts of the ears and legs, in that season, become white: the other parts retain their colours. This variety is unknown beyond the Urallian Chain. It is called by the Russians russack. They take them in great numbers in snares, and export their skins to England, and other places, for the manufacture of hats. The Russians and Tartars, like the Britons of old, hold

the flesh of hares in detestation, esteeming it impure: that of the variable hare, in its white state, is excessively insipid.

THE AMERICAN HARE.

These have their ears tipt with grey; the upper part of the tail black, the lower white: the neck and body mixed with ash, rust colour, and black. Their legs are of a pale ferruginous colour; their belly white. Their fore-legs are shorter, and their hind ones longer in proportion than those of the common hare. They measure eighteen inches in length, and weigh from three to four pounds and a half. They inhabit all parts of North America, In New Jersey, and the colonies to the south of that province, they retain their colour during the whole year. But to the northward, on the approach of winter, they change their short summer fur for one very long, silky and silvery, even to the roots, the edges of the ears only preserving their colour. At that time, it is in the highest season for the table, and is of vast use to those who winter in Hudson's Bay, where they are taken in vast abundance, in springs made of brass wire, placed in hedges, constructed on purpose, with holes before the snares for the hares or rabbits to pass through.

They breed once or twice a-year, and have from five to seven at a time. They do not migrate, like the preceding, but always haunt the same places. They do not burrow, but lodge under fallen timber, and in hollow trees. They breed in the grass; but, in the spring, shelter their young ones in hollow trees, to which they also run when pursued. The hunters force them out of those retreats, by means of a hooked stick, or by making a fire, and driving them out by the smoke.

ACCOUNT OF Mr. ANDREWS,

THE CELEBRATED BILLIARD PLAYER, AND S. BISSETT, FAMOUS FOR TEACHING DOCILITY TO DUMB ANIMALS.

Extracted from an Ingenious and Entertaining Work, just published, *Entitled* "*ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.*"

MR. Andrews was born to an easy independent fortune, but commencing life at a time that he was incapable of judging of the world, or of himself, was led away by a single passion; for he was not actuated by any other. He devoted himself entirely to the blind goddess, and worshipped her incessantly under the form of two ivory balls. He was remarkably thin, not very tall, though above the middle size: his face was a perfect vacuum, with respect to every possible idea except billiards. So infatuated was he in pursuing this game, to attain the summit of excellence at it, that he sacrificed days, nights, weeks, months, and years to it.

At length he arrived to such a degree of perfection, as well in the theoretical, as the practical part of the game, that there was no player in Europe could equal him, except one, who was the celebrated Abraham Carter, who kept the tables at the corner of the Piazzas, Russel-street, Covent-Garden. Mr. Andrews was the most devoted adept of this game that ever nature produced; he seemed but to vegetate in a billiard-room, and indeed he did little more in any other place. He was a perfect billiard valetudinarian, in the most rigid signification of the expression. He ate, drank, slept, walked, nay, talked but to promote the system of the balls. His regimen was tea, and toaſt and butter, for breakfast, for dinner, and for supper.

It might reasonably be imagined, that so regular a professor would obtain all the advantages that could result from the science. He won considerable sums, but knew not the value of money; and when playing for only five or ten pounds, he took no pains but seemed perfectly indifferent about winning or losing. There was a latent finesse in this, but it did not operate to his advantage: he was laying by for bets, but as they were seldom offered, the ſtrength of his play being very well known, he often lost, by repeated small sums, very considerable ones.

It is generally believed, however, that he has played for more money at billiards, than any other person ever did. The following is a remarkable circumstance: he one night won of Colonel W——e upwards of 1000l. and the colonel appointed to meet him the next day, to go with him into the city, to tranfer stock to him to the amount of the sum lost. Being in a hackney-coach, they tossed up who should pay. Andrews lost, and upon this small beginning he was excited to continue, till he had lost the whole sum he won the night before at billiards. When the coachman stopped to set down, he was ordered to get np again, and drive them back, as they had no occasion to get out.

By these pursuits he lost very large sums which he had won at billiards; and, in a few years, hazard, and other games at chance, stripped him of every shilling he could command. He had still left a small annuity, which he endeavoured to dispose of, but it was so securely settled upon himself that he could not sell it; otherwise it is probable that it would have been transferred to the gaming-table. He very lately lived in a retired manner in Kent, where he declared to an intimate old acquaintance that he never knew contentment while he was roll-

ing in money; but since he was obliged to live upon a scanty pittance, he thought himself one of the happiest men in the universe. It is now generally believed that he is dead.

S. BISSET, remarkable for his patience and eccentricity in teaching docility to the dumb creation, was born at Perth, in Scotland, about the year 1721. He was bred a shoe-maker, and had the reputation of being an excellent hand at what is called woman's work. He afterwards went to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property, turned broker, and continued to accumulate money till the notion of teaching the quadruped kind attracted his attention in the year 1739.—Reading an account of a remarkable horse shewn at the fair of St. Germains, curiosity led him to try his hand on a horse and dog, which he bought in London, and he succeeded beyond all expectation. Two monkies were the next pupils he exercised his art upon, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, and the other played a barrel-organ. He also taught these antic-animals to perform several other curious tricks, such as drinking to the company, going through several regular dances with the dog, &c. Three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He instructed those domestic tygers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer as to produce several regular tunes, having music books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. These performances exciting general curiosity, his house was every day crouded, and his business much interrupted. Being advised to make a public exhibition of his animals, he readily assented to the proposal; and the well known

Cat's Opera was advertised to be represented in the Haymarket, where a horse, a dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with uncommon applause, to crouded houses; and in a few days Bisset found himself a gainer of almost a thousand pounds, as a reward for his ingenuity. This success created a desire of extending his dominion over other animals. He procured a leveret, and taught it to beat several marches on a drum on its hind-legs, till it became a full grown hare. He taught canary birds, linnets, and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and play many other surprising feats. He trained six turkey-cocks to go through a regular dance; but, to accomplish this, he acknowledged to have adopted the eastern method by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the course of six months teaching, he enabled a turkey to fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor, and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name of the company. At length, not meeting with the encouragement he had for some years received, he found himself constrained to make an itinerant exhibition of part of his group, and to sell the rest. After shewing his animals in the city of London, to the great astonishment of thousands, in 1775 he took the north-west circuit of the kingdom, and afterwards went to Belfast, where he established himself in a public-house, resolving in future to deal only with the rational part of animated nature. But the habits and the amusements of life cannot be all at once abandoned. He trained a dog and cat to perform many amazing exploits. A doubt being started to him, whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his usual patient fortitude was exercised to try the experiment.

He bought a black sucking pig in the market of Belfast for three shillings, and trained it to lie under the stool or kit on which he sat at his work.—At various intervals during six or seven months he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose, and despairing of every kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of six months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in nature, to become the most tractable. In August, 1783, he again turned itenerant, and took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was shewn for two or three nights at Ranelagh. It was perfectly under command, and appeared as pliant and good natured as a spaniel. When the weather had made it necessary that Bisset should remove his animal to the city, he obtained the permission of the chief magistrate, and advertised it to be seen in Dame-street. It was exhibited two or three days to many persons of distinction, when it could spell, without any apparent direction, the name or names of those in company, cast up accounts, and point out even the words thought of by persons present. It told exactly the hour, minutes, and seconds; pointed out the married and unmarried, kneeled, and made his obeisance to the company, &c. &c. Poor Bisset was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a fellow broke into the room without any sort of pretext, and, armed with that brutality which the idea of power gives, what Shakespeare calls "a pelting officer," he assaulted the inoffensive man, broke and destroyed every thing by which the performance was directed, and even menaced vengeance on the poor pig. In vain the injured Bisset pleaded the permission he had obtained from the chief magistrate; he was

threatened to be dragged to prison, if he was found again offending in the same manner; in consequence of which he was compelled to return home, but not before the agitation of his mind had thrown him into a fit of illness, from which he never effectually recovered, and died a few days after at Chester, on his way to London.

The Cabinet of Wit.

"Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

PETERS WALTERS.

POPE has recorded the rapacity of Peter Walters, but there are some circumstances in his life not generally known. He was of low origin, but acquired an immense estate; the principal part of which arose from his knowledge of the world, and careful attention to the follies and vices of young nobleman and gentlemen of fortune, whose wants he was, *on proper terms*, always ready and willing to supply.

He was first under steward to the great Earl of Uxbridge, whom he had the address to manage with such dexterity, that to his dying hour, no man stood so well with that nobleman as Peter Walters. The earl himself was a great usurer, and Peter was privy to all his bargains. When they were alone and disengaged, their cuſtom was to compare notes, and then a queſtion sometimes arose about which of them had pocketed the greatest number of peers. Pope calls Walters *a person eminent in the wisdom of his profession, a dexterous attorney, and a good, if not a safe, conveyancer.* It happened one night that Anthony Henley, who was as remarkable for his *wit*, as Peter was for his *money*, met together

at an inn on the road and joined company. In the course of the evening's conversation, Henley heartily rallied his new companion, on his immoderate love of money, and threw out some sarcastic hints on his manner of getting it. Walters was no less severe upon Anthony for his sovereign contempt of that precious metal, and his ways of squandering it. 'At best, (Henley said,) every body knows, Walters, how you got your *money*—but do be frank for once, and tell me how the devil you came by your wit, for they very rarely go together.'—"Why, as to that, (said Peter) *I thank my stars I am not indebted to nature for a grain of it—but you must know I have lately bought a good many estates from men of a bright fancy and high genius, and they gave me their wit into the bargain.*"

ANECDOTE.

Foote, the comedian, sometimes threw out some pleasantries on Garrick's avaricious propensity. Being once in company with Mr. Garrick, in the lower part of his garden at Hampton, Roscius, having a guinea in his hand, said, "I think, I could throw this guinea, to the other side of the Thames." The Engli h Aristophanes expressed his doubts;—"though I believe," added he, "that you can make a guinea go as far as any man." At another time, when Foote was in company with Mr. Sheriff Vaillant, (who was much delighted in the practice of accumulation(—he told the sheriff, that he "could have saved him the expence of the chain, with which his neck was decorated." "How could you have done that?" replied the sheriff.—"Why," retorted the other, "I could have borrowed Garrick's jack-chain—he has no occasion for it."

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

3. Editor.—Visitor.

Enigmas, &c. for Solution.

An Enigmatical List of Young Ladies under the Tuition of Mrs. Law, Weston.

1.

Part of a tree, and a wrinkle.

2.

Three fifths of a quinsey, and a passage.

3.

The place of interment, changing one letter, and adding another.

4.

Five ninths of a bad writer, and the father of Abner.

5.

Three-fifths of a cardinal point, and a weight.

6.

Two-fifths of a grown person, a relative, and a consonant.

7.

A small medicinal ball, and an entrance.

8.

A man's christian name, and part of the great deep.

9.

One of the twelve signs, spoiling the fourth letter.

10.

A person who dresses victuals, and a vowel.

11.

A commodity that's useful to beasts, and what we are often anxious to hear, omitting two letters.

12.

A term applied unto things at their first appearance, and a word of two letters.

ENIGMAS.

1.

Ye ladies, who by wit refin'd,
Explore the secrets of the mind,
Deign to unfold what I relate,
And pity me my cruel fate;
Of harden'd box, whose beauteous shade,
Successive live, yet never fade,
With nicest art and skill I'm made;
At close of summer's day I'm lain,
With brethren more upon a plain,
Now swiftly whirl'd, not long I lay,
But fleet and active, wind my way;
Hard is our fate, for oft one brother
Is dash'd with vengeance at another;
Oft I receive my mystic birth
From the dark confines of the earth,
First brought from darkness into day,
Thro' fiery worlds I take my way;
At first a heavy useless thing,
Now fit to stand before a king;
And should you drop me on the ground,
Low spreads the glitt'ring ruins round;
To cooks and milkmaids I'm well known,
Nor drunkards will my aid disown;
Enough's been said, I'll say no more,
My name you'll easily explore.

2.

Dear gents, a youth unkown to fame,
A portion of your time will claim,
While you explore his hidden name,
Fearful I am no mystic guise
Can screen me from your piercing eyes;
In various forms and shapes I'm found,
Both long and short, but never round;
Always seen with great and small,
My various use is known to all;
When Delia the long ev'ning spends,
With happy set of chosen friends,

There, on the tea-board oft I stand,
And often in the waiter's hand,
And near the hearth I find a seat,
For I delight in warmth and heat;
Should cards appear, you'll see my face,
Safe in the pack I have a place:
There with each lurking knave I'm seem,
But ne'er go near the king or queen;
Sometimes I'm seen within the park,
And, strange to tell, you'll see me in the dark:
I'm captain of a chosen band,
And seen at sea as well as land:
I'll say no more, ere now, no doubt,
You've rent the veil, and found me out.

3.

CHARADE.

My first's a carriage known to ancient Rome,
And us'd in war to bring the victors' home:
My second oft prevails in flocks of sheep,
My whole's a useful root, both good and cheap.

ACROSTIC.

Who art thou, lovely bard, whose tender lines
In such unrivall'd lustre shines,
Let me approach, let me attempt to shew,
Lov'd youth, to thee, respect so justly due:
In vain's the attempt, my weaker lay,
At sight of thee, must vanish quite away,
May you compare the lunar to the solar ray.

Could I but write like thee, ingenuous youth,
And in my lines such virtue, love and truth,
So smooth, so sweet, and yet so grand,
E'en thou might own me for a friend.

4.

REBUS, BY J. R. TOULMIN.

Three-fourths of mischief, youths, disclose,
Which is the first part of my theme:
Two-fourths of a coin I propose
Next, of the Spanish sort, I deem.

My whole, undoubtedly, you'll quickly view,
You must my worthy elder brother shew:
For many his conduct do greatly prize,
He acts that part that's good, and just, and wise.

THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM.

No. II.

Consisting of Miscellaneous Curiosities, extracted from various Authors.

OF THE BLAMELESS AND INNOCENT LIFE OF SOME PERSONS.

IF man alone is a wonder, the good and virtuous man must certainly be a double one: he is such a rarity, that Diogenes thought the sun at noon scarce a sufficient light to make his discovery by, when he went up and down in quest of such a one, whimsically carrying a candle and lanthorn to assist his discovery. *Vir bonus cito nec fieri, nec intelligi potest; nam ille alter fortasse tanquam Phœnix, anno quingentesimo nascitur:* "A good man is neither quickly made, nor easily understood; for like the Phœnix of Arabia, there is possible one of them born in the space of five hundred years." This was the opinion of Seneca: and since ths world is so seldom enriched with these jewels, the reader will the less wonder at that poverty of instances, that is to be met with in writers, and may do well to have in greater veneration the virtues of those illustrious persons which he is here presented with.

1. Camerarius mentions an inscription upon a tombstone in Rome, near the place of the Jews, in these words:

Julia B. Prisca vixit Annos XXVI.
Nihil unquam peccavit nisi
quod mortua est. i. e.

"In this only she did amiss, that she died."

Camer. Oper. Subsis. cent. 1. *c.* 97.

2. M. Portius Cato the Elder lived with that integrity, that though he was fifty times accused, he was yet so many times adjudged innocent, nor did he obtain this by favour or wealth, but against the favour and riches of almost the whole city. His honesty and severity had raised him up very many enemies, and much of envy, for he spared no man, nor was a friend to any who was not so to the commonwealth. At last, being accused in his old age, he required and obtained that Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, one of the chiefest of his enemies, should be appointed for his judge: but even he acquitted him, and gave sentence that he was innocent. Through this his confident action he ever after lived both in great glory and equal security. *Lips. Monit. l. 1. c. 7. p. 92. Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 7. c. 27. p. 170. Solin. c. 7. p. 196.*

3. It is said of King Henry the Sixth of England, that he had one immunity peculiar, that no man could ever be revenged of him, seeing he never offered a man an injury: once for all let his Confessor be heard speak, who in ten years confession never found that he had said or done any thing, for which he might justly be enjoined penance. *Bak. Chron. p. 287.*

4. When the corpse of Thomas Howard, second Duke of Norfolk, was carried to be interred in the Abbey of Thetford, Anno 1524, no person could demand of him one groat for debt, or restitution for any injury done by him. *Weaver's Fun. Monum. p. 839.*

5. Aristophon the Athenian used to boast amongst his citizens, that whereas he had been ninety-five times cited and accused before the Tribunal of justice, yet he had ever been absolved and

pronounced innocent, in every of those trials. *Zuing. Theatr. vol.* 3. *l.* 5. *p.* 765.

6. Julius Drusus, a Tribune of the people, had a house, that in many places lay open to the eyes of the neighbourhood. There came a workman to him, and told him that at the price of five talents, he would so alter it, that it should not be liable to that inconvenience. "I will give thee ten talents," said he, "if thou canst make my house conspicuous in every room of it, that so all the city may behold after what manner I lead my life." For he was a man of great temperance and moderation. Lipsius calls him Livius Drusus, and relates the story in somewhat a different manner, though to the same purpose. *Zuing. Theatr. vol.* 1. *l.* 2. *p.* 133 *Lips. Monit. l.* 1. *c.* 6. *p.* 88.

7. Aristides was the most just and honest person amongst all the Greeks, and by reason of the glory and name he had gained, was in danger of a ten years exile, which, from the manner of the suffrage, the Greeks call Ostracism. While they were now giving in their voices, and he himself was present, standing in the crowd and throng of the people, there came one to him, who (not able to write himself) desired him (being next to him) that he would write the name of Aristides in his shell, viz. him that he would have condemned and banished. "Do you know him then, " said Aristides," or has he any ways injured you?" "Neither," said the other, " but this is that which vexes me, and therefore I would he were condemned, because I hear him called up and down, Aristides the just or honest." Aristides took his shell, and wrote his name in it as he had desired. *Lips. Monit. l.* 1. *c.* 7. *p.* 90.

8. Scipio Nasica was judged once, by the Senate of Rome (and each of those Senators were sworn to speak without passion or affection), to be the best

and most honest man that ever was from the beginning of the world: yet this same man, as upright and innocent as he was through the ingratitude of the people, was not suffered to die in his own country. *Plin. Nat. Hist. l.* 7. *c.* 34. *p.* 173. *Solin. c.* 7. *p.* 196.

9. M. Cato the younger, was flatterer of no mortal: he frequently opposed Pompey, fearing his greatness, for he esteemed the commonwealth more dearly than any other person or thing. He was suspicious and jealous of any thing that was beyond measure, as dreading an excess of power in any upon the score of the republick. He sided with the people in any thing for their advaatage; and would freely deliver his opinion in things that were just, let the hazard and danger of doing it be as great as it would. *Xiphil. p.* 6.

10. Asclepiodorus went on a pilgrimage from the City of Athens into Syria, and visited most cities as he went along. This he undertook, that he might observe the manners of men and their way of life. His journey being ended, he said, "that in all his perambulation he had not met with more than three men, that lived with modesty and according to the rules of honesty and justice." These three were Ilapius a philosopher in Antioch; Mares of Laodicca, the most honest man of that age; and Domninus the philosopher; so that it should seem Heraclitus had reason for his tears, who is said to weep as oft as he came abroad, in consideration of so many thousands of evil livers as he beheld about him. *Cæl. Rhod. l.* 14. *c.* 3. *p.* 631.

11. Biblius (as we read of him) was a man of that integrity and singular abstinence, in respect of what was another's right, that if he casually saw any thing as he passed upon the way, he would depart without offering to take it up: saying, "It

was a kind of blossom of injustice, to seize upon what was so found." Agreeable to which practice of his was that law of Stagira, *Quod non posuisti ne tollas*, "Take not that up which you never laid down." *Cæl. Rhod. l.* 19. *c.* 26. *p.* 916.

12. When the Senate of Rome was in debate about the election of Censor, and that Valerianus was in nomination, Trebellius Pollio writes, that the universal acclamation of the Senators was; "The life of Valerianus is a Censorship, let him be the judge of us all, who is better than all of us: let him judge of the Senate who cannot be charged with any crime; let him pass sentence upon our life, against whom nothing is to be objected. Valerianus was almost a Censor from his cradle, Valerianus is a Censor in his whole life. A prudent Senator, modest, grave, a friend to good men, an enemy to tyrants, an enemy to the vicious, but a greater unto voice. We receive this man for our Censor: him we will all imitate: he is the most noble amongst us, the best in blood, of exemplary life, of excellent learning, of choice manners, and the example of antiquity." This was a glorious character of a man given by so honourable an assembly: and yet we see after what manner virtue is sometimes afflicted in the world: this worthy person having attained to the Empire, was unfortunately taken by Sapores, King of Persia, and made his footstool. *Trebell. Poll. Cæl. Rhod. l.* 21. *c.* 11. *p.* 978. *Pezel. Mellific. Hist. tom.* 2. *p.* 229.

13. Upon the death of Julian the Emperor, by the unanimous consent of the army, Salustius the Prefect of the Prætorian soldiers was elected; but he excused himself, pretending his age and the infirmities of his body; so that Jovinianus was thereupon chosen. When he also was dead, by the means of this Salustius, Valentinianus a Tribune was

elected as Emperor; of this Salustius the Prefect, Suidas saith, "That he was a person of that integrity, that when Valentinian was Emperor, he commanded any that had ever received any injury from him, that they should go to the Emperor to complain of him: but there was no man that had any such complaint to prefer against him." *Pezel. Mellific. Hist. tom. 2. p. 277.*

14. Richard the Second, King of England, was deposed, and Henry Bolingbroke crowned King in his stead. It was also enacted in Parliament, "That the inheritance of the crown and realm of England should be united, and remain in the person of King Henry, and in the heirs of his body lawfully begotten: a motion was likewise made in the same Parliament, what should be done with the deposed King?" Then it was that Thomas Merks, Bishop of Carlisle, shewed at once his great loyalty and integrity: he rose up, and with extraordinary freedom and constancy, he made an honest and learned oration, wherein by Scripture, reason, and other arguments, he maintained the right of his deposed Sovereign; resolutely opposed the usurpation of his supplanter, concluding, that the Parliament had neither power nor policy to depose King Richard, or in his place to elect Duke Henry; and however this doctrine first got the good Prelate a prison, and then the loss of his life, yet the memory of so gallant an action shall never die, so long as fidelity and loyalty shall have any respect amongst men. *Daniel's Hist. continued, l. 3. p. 52.*

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1801.

ON

PRESENTING A SENSITIVE PLANT

TO A

YOUNG LADY.

GO little plant, to Julia's gentle care,
With many a friendly wish I thee resign:
Tho' lost the genial warmth, the humid air,
In modest gracefulness thou still shalt shine.

What tho' her tender touch too often try'd,
Cause thee to feel a momentary pain;
Beneath so soft a hand when thou hast dy'd,
Her *look* shall sooth thee into life again.

Go, little plant—in all thy beauty go,
Obey her mandate, droop, but not repine;
And thus obedient, thou shalt quickly know
Her sensibility can equal *thine*.

T. W. PORTSEA.

EMMA OF THE VALE.

HOW happy in my native bow'rs,
My youthful days I spent:
Serenely past the fleeting hours,
In mirth and sweet content.

There, urg'd by innocence and love,
I told an am'rous tale,
To her who did its flame approve;
Fair Emma of the vale.

Together oft we rang'd the dell,
And nature's beauties view'd;
Or wand'red on the moss-crown'd hill,
And vows of love renew'd;
Then happiness my mind possess'd,
"Hope told a flatt'ring tale,"
Love lull'd my heart in peace to rest,
For Emma of the Vale.

But now, alas! those days are gone,
For I my bow'rs have left,
And happiness hath from me flown;
And I'm of hope bereft.
Unus'd to live midst pomp and shew,
Where noise and vice prevail,
I long in calmer scenes to dwell,
With Emma of the Vale.

H. V. SELWYN.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN MARCH, DURING A STORM.

By Mr. William Hanbury.

WHAT tho' the stormy tempests dreadful roar,
Sent by chill winter's unrelenting hand;
What tho' the raging north, from shore to shore,
Spreads desolation o'er the shrivell'd land.

Soon cease the wintry storms; and thou, fair spring,
Soon shalt return with beaming glory crown'd,
Soon thy innumerable treasures bring,
And happiness diffuse to all around.

The sun, who late his radiant face conceal'd,
Unwilling still to clear the mazy skies,
For thee, sweet spring, his glories soon shall yield,
For thee, with double radiance soon shall rise.

In ev'ry heart-content and joy shall reign,
Whilst many a nymph and village hind shall sing,
As with light footsteps swift they pace the plain,
"All hail! thou queen of beauty, fragrant spring!"

LINES

On the two recent Poems of the Farmer's Boy, and Matilda.

WHY does Britannia Thompson's loss deplore?
Why mourns the muse that Cowper is no more?
Their souls, with kindred angels, taste the bliss
In yon bright world, they ne'er could hope in this.
Yet, muse, ah! weep not for the saints above,
For still on earth are vot'ries for thy love;
Fame chides thy tears; she bids thee wake to joy,
And points, exulting, to the "Farmer's Boy."
Each season charms; encreas'd delight supplies;
In ev'ry page see excellence arise:
In vain she shews where partial beauties shine,
For magic numbers dwell in ev'ry line:
No more she mourns the poets of her isle,
But greets each rising genius with a smile.
A modest daughter claims her gen'rous care,
In native beauty unadorn'd, yet fair;
She pleads so sweetly her affecting cause,
Matilda gains our pity and applause.
And kind attention while her strains prevail,
Find ample payment in her artless tale.
You, who in honest Giles* an interest take,
Will love Matilda for her virtues sake;
In native innocence behold her charms:
(That youth delights, or apathy disarms)
O hear her modest accents gently breathe,
(Which deck with beauty the poetic wreathe)
Attend the duteous maid, and join the tear,
That dews with sacred grief a parent's bier,
Partake the blessing that her choice approv'd,
And lead her to the gentle youth she lov'd.

* Farmer's Boy.

Read here, ye grave, and own with gen'rous smiles,
While lives Matilda, or the rural Giles,
The Muses still support Britannia's Isles.

JULIA.

FLORA AND THE BOY.

A FABLE.

By a Lady.

A BOY one morn into a garden stray'd,
Which Flora had adorn'd with sweetest flow'rs;
Roses, azalias, lilies, pinks, display'd
Their various charms, their fascinating pow'rs:
The little rogue delighted, view'd the rich parterre,
And long'd to rifle every beauty there:
But Flora, when she saw him thus dispos'd,
Drew near, and wisely interpos'd;
She smiling said, "My little friend,
To one alone your choice must be confin'd;
Look round; select one to your mind,
Where balmy odours with rare beauty blend."
He quickly laid his hand upon a rose,
Whose charms might well his little heart engage,
When soon the thorns his rude attack oppose.
With indignation fir'd,
He from the lurking enemy retir'd,
And scornful, thus express'd his idle rage:
"Go wither on thy stem, thou treach'rous flow'r,
There pine and fade, neglected and forlorn;
I'll seek another rose in yonder bow'r,
Who fair, like thee, shall blow without one thorn."
He ran to pluck one from the clust'ring store,
Each bow'r examin'd o'er and o'er,
As vainly search'd the garden round,
Alas! no rose without a thorn was to be found.
His heart beat high with rising pride,
That thus his wishes were deny'd;
(For he had never felt controul;)
At length a flood of tears reliev'd his swelling soul.

Flora, diverted at such childish grief,
Yet willing to encourage him, approach'd again:
"My son, (she said) your tears are vain,
But take my counsel, you will find relief;
Courage and perseverance never fail;
First o'r the thorns prevail,
Each difficulty you will then remove,
And gain the object of your love."
To this, each little student may compare
The hours of learning, often mixt with care;
Yet while the road to knowledge is in view,
With diligence its winding paths pursue;
And should some briars on the way appear,
Those will be conquer'd, if you persevere!
And having well employ'd your youthful hours,
Reap with advantage, time's most precious flow'rs.

Z.

ON

READING THE WORKS

OF

William Cowper, Esq.

'TIS said, read Homer once, and you no more
Can read: all other books appear so poor.
But if the page of Cowper we peruse,
Further to read will scarcely *be of use.*
Boldly he claims the native rights of man,
Each act to ponder, each event to scan.
Clearly he shows what seems forgot forsooth!
That custom, numbers, are no proof of truth.
Unbrib'd, his judgement marks in letters clear,
What men in general *seem*, and what they *are.*
Howe'er conceal'd, and fenc d from common view,
Vice he detests, and gives to vice its due.
And though weak men poor virtue disregard,
Cowper defends, and shows her great reward.
Ye British elders, show his works to youth,
They'll lead to goodness, and they'll lead to truth:
Not what is call'd so by a vicious age.
But what is prov d so by the sacred page.
Great Homer wrote in strains sublime; 'tis true;
But Cowper writes what Homer *never knew.*

Ah! luckless Cato! soon thy race was run,
Thine own imprudence brought thee to thine end;
My brutes take warning, and those pleasures shun,
Which thus depriv'd you of your barking friend.
Men and men's gods bedeck'd the former's line,
Nature and her's, 'tis Cowper's to define.
Would you, my friend, true comfort here possess,
Early with Cowper's truths your mind impress.
Would you *still more*, a mansion in the skies,
His rules will teach you how to grasp the prize.

Hackney, J. F.
2d *June*, 1801.

ELEGY

ON A SPANIEL LOST IN LONDON.

'TIS not the nodding plume, or sable hearse,
The solemn pageants of some great man's bier;
In simple strains, and soft elegiac verse,
O'er Cato's death I drop a plaintive tear.

The sober ev'ning meal had long been clos'd;
The watchman's cries throughout the street resound;
Cæsar and Puss before the fire repos'd,
But through the house no Cato can be found.

'Tis thought, that when some friendly guests withdrew,
The silly beast rush'd through the op'ning door,
Forgot the comforts which by use he knew,
And hop'd to find that novelty had more.

Blind to futurity! he little thought
How vast the dangers of this wicked town:
He was a prize, which cruel ruffians sought;
His furry coat their horrid work would crown.

'Tis thought they stript him of his glossy skin,
To make a covering for an Elfin's head:
His cries and groans they valued not a pin.
Laugh'd at his agonies, and left him dead.

His mangled corpse, and others of his kind,
Whom these ferocious murd'rers chanc'd to meet,
In sufferings and in death thus sadly join'd,
Were left to perish in a private street.

Literary Review.

The Substance of the Holy Scriptures methodised, and divided into Lessons, for the Use of Families, on a Plan not hitherto attempted—to every Lesson is subjoined an appropriate Hymn; together with brief Notes, and various useful Tables. By the Rev. Edmund Butcher. Symonds. 11. 1s.

THIS work was published in *twenty-one* numbers—and is now completed. The first two or three numbers we noticed upon their apppearanc, and expressed our approbation of the plan on which it was conducted. Having examined it in its finished state, we particularly recommend it to the notice of the serious readers of our Miscellany.

That the BIBLE (the best of all books) contains some passages which are neither instructive nor proper to be read in families, cannot be denied. Mr. B. therefore, has omitted such parts—and has accompanied the portions selected with excellent reflections. The length of the sections for daily reading—the pertinency of the hymns to the subjects read—together with the occasional short notes, by way of illustration, conspire to render this volume a most valuable present to all families who wish well to the cause of virtue and piety. We do not recollect to have met with a work more calculated to advance the best interests of mankind.

Milton's Paradise Lost, with the Life of the Author. By John Evans, A. M. To which is prefixed the celebrated Critique by Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. Symonds. 1l. 10s.

THIS edition of PARADISE LOST, recommends itself to our attention by the splendour of its engravings, and the elegance of its typography. This incomparable poem deserves all the ornaments with which it is in the power of art to embellish it. No expence has been spared for the purpose, and therefore the present volume is deserving of a place in every gentleman's library. The portrait of Milton is very fine—the manly features of his countenance are happily depicted—the cast of his physiognomy breathes the inspiration of poetry.

In his *Life* Mr. E. disclaims the idea of bringing forward any new materials—but professes to collect together the most interesting particulars respecting the poet, which have been already published. It is pleasing to behold them thus concentrated. They glow with the greater intenseness, and produce a more lasting impression on the memory.

Tears and Smiles, a Miscellaneous Collection of Poems. By Peter Pindar, Esq. West and Hughes.

THIS truly original genius has here presented us with a few of his pieces, which are remarkable for tenderness and delicacy. There is an irregularity, both of sentiment and expression, in the work before us. Julia; or, the Victim of Love—Orson and Ellen, a Legendary Tale—New and Old Ballads—together with Odes, form the contents of this singular production. Of the many curious pieces, we transcribe the following lines:—

TO AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.

Shall virtue feel the cruel blow,
Her tears to earth unheeded flow,
Her soul unheard complain!
Say, will no MUSE proclaim the wrong?
Why sleeps the thunders of her song,
While PITY mourns in vain?

With every beauty to inspire,
Of LOVE, the soft and chaste desire:
And bless the nuptial tie,
With every gentle charm of mind,
Can FATE, to peerless worth unkind,
Condemn thy heart to sigh?

Without a friend, in soothing strain
To steal thy bosom from its pain,
I hear thy plaintive voice;
And hear the snakes of ENVY hiss,
While happy at thy vanish'd bliss,
The imps of hell rejoice.

Yet thro' the cloud that hides thy head,
By CALUMNY's foul venom spread,
I mark a golden ray;
TIME, on his wing (for justice reigns),
To calm thy life's tempestuous scenes,
Shall waft the smiles of MAY.

Hark! to suppress the swelling tear,
A voice prophetic hails thine ear,
"Thy BABE shall rule adored;
"On Britain's throne, to crown her fame,
"The shouts of millions shall proclaim,
"ELIZA's reign restor'd!"

We have often expressed a wish that Dr. Walcot, who assumes the name of Peter Pindar, Esq. would devote himself to tender and pathetic poetry. For this kind of harmonious versification his genius

seems well calculated. In satire and ridicule he has long enough indulged. The public are nearly tired of it. But it is seriously to be regretted that talents so rare, and knowledge so extensive, should not have been employed upon some moral and instructive work, which would descend with lasting applause to posterity.

The Science of Teaching applied to Elocution, Poetry, the Sublime of Scripture, and History; with a novel and improved Arrangement of the latter, for the Use of Classical Pupils. By David Morris. Lackington and Allen. 3s.

THIS little publication must be extremely useful to young people, because it forms an epitome on various important subjects. The first part is pleasingly put together—but the concluding portion, on ancient and modern history, conveys a large portion of valuable instruction. The events with which the scroll of time is crouded, are here arranged with neatness and accuracy. In two parallel columns the incidents of history before the birth of Christ are placed—sacred and profane events are thus adjusted, and we easily connect them together for the purposes of utility. We are much pleased with the plan. We wish that dates had been annexed to the events of modern history —we recommend it in future editions—it would be a real improvement.

The Query—WHO ARE THE SWINDLERS? *By Miss Robertson, late of Blackheath.* 1s. 6d. Jordan.

THIS truly celebrated, or rather *far-famed* lady, has had recourse to her pen, and endeavours to prove that *her property* has been swindled

—not that she has swindled the property of *others*. How different is this statement from the idea generally entertained by the public! Yet such is the story, but few will believe her. It is altogther a most strange pamphlet—the sentiment and style are her own—she certainly possesses a coarse originality.

An Appeal to the Society of Friends on the Primitive simplicity of their Christian Principles and Church Discipline, and on some recent Proceedings in the said Society. Part 1st. Johnson.

WHEN this little work is completed, we shall be able to form a better judgment of its contents. In the mean time, we may justly remark, that its author appears to be an ardent and upright lover of truth; he reasons ably on every topic which comes under the notice of his pen, and wishes well to the civil and religious liberties of mankind. The pamphlet is valuable, and well worth the attention of the society to which it is addressed.

Medical Admonitions for Families. By James Parkinson, Hoxton. Fourth edition. 7s. Symonds.

THIS truly respectable work, which appeared in two volumes, is now converted into *one*, which is more convenient for the families into which it may be introduced. Upon its first publication we strongly recommended it to our readers. We, therefore, congratulate the author on its success, because it is as honourable to his talents, as it is useful to the world.

The Guide to Domestic Happiness. Fifth edition, greatly enlarged. Button. 5s.

THIS work was noticed by us favourably on a former occasion, and we are glad to find that it has been so well received by the public. The present edition is remarkably neat, both as to its frontispiece and its typography.

The Refuge. By the Author of "The Guide to Domestic Happiness." Fourth edition, with Additions. Button. 5s.

THE favourable reception of this piece, as well as the former, must be gratifying to the feelings of the author, who appears to be a man of good sense and unaffected piety. This is equally well executed in point of printing, and also of the engraving with which it is embellished.

Eccentric Biography; or, Sketches of remarkable Characters, Ancient and Modern—alphabetically arranged, and forming a pleasing Delineation of the Singularity, Whim, Folly, and Caprice of the Human Mind; ornamented with Portraits. Vernor and Hood. 4s. in boards.

WITH this volume we have been much entertained, and therefore we are of opinion it must prove a source of considerable entertainment to others. Such an assemblage of strange characters we never before met with; and the particulars detailed concerning them are highly illustrative of those eccentricities by which the human mind has been in all ages distinguished. The plates are well chosen, and neatly executed.

Moral Tales, designed to amuse the Fancy and improve the Hearts of the rising Generation; with an elegant Frontispiece. By the Rev. Edmund Butcher. To which is added, by a Lady, the Unhappy Family; or, the Dreadful Effects of Vice. Vernor and Hood. 2s.

IN this little production we have found a great portion of instruction, by which young people cannot fail to be delighted. It consists of two tales, the *New Year's Gift*, and *Coniston*, or, *Female Excellence the Source of real Felicity*. The *New Year's Gift* was first inserted in our Miscellany, but is here enlarged, and much improved. *Coniston*; or, *Female Excellence the Source of real Felicity*, is drawn with a beautiful simplicity. To make any extracts from it would be spoiling it—therefore we refer the reader to the volume itself, with which we doubt not he will be much gratified. Mr. Butcher's talents are happily adapted to such kind of writing, and we trust these tales will be soon followed by others, equally calculated to amuse the fancy and improve the hearts of the rising generation. He assures us, in his Preface, that "he thinks it one of the noblest titles to be called the FRIEND OF YOUTH."

Moral Tales for Young People. By Maria Edgeworth, Author of Practical Education. vol. 1. containing Forester, &c. Johnson.

THE name of Edgeworth is already well known in the literary world. The work on practical education contained some valuable observations on the nature and improvement of the human mind.

The volume before us forms a part of a plan, which its authoress has laid down for the conveyance of instruction to the rising generation. It consists of a series of characters delineated according to the rules of probability; the anecdotes detailed respecting them are entertaining, and the whole is adapted to answer every benevolent end. In the history of a young gentleman of the name of Forester, many amusing particulars are brought forward, tending to shew that we should not estrange ourselves from the customs and manners of the world. Aukwardness and obstinacy therefore are here deservedly reprobated. When the work is completed, we shall lay a fuller account of it before our readers.

The Poetical Works of Hector Macneil, Esq. 2 vols. Longman and Rees. 10s.

THIS Scotch gentleman seems to possess a considerable portion of poetic fire, his pieces are taken from original subjects; his language is always neat, often indeed elegant; the cast of his poems is perfectly moral, and on various occasions awakens our tenderness and sympathy. The history of *Will* and *Jean*, and the *Harp*, a legendary tale, are very pleasing and full of instruction. The former shews the baneful effects of spirituous liquors; the latter is a satire on female inconstancy. Most of these productions were written some time ago, and are now collected together for the gratification of the public. We were struck with the elegance of the plates, and with the beauty of the typography.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1801.

DURING this month we have little to record repecting the political world. Nothing has transpired worthy of much attention.

The fears of invasion have somewhat subsided—though the threatenings of the enemy are still held out—yet we remain in a considerable degree of security. The efforts of Lord Nelson seem to have ceased. Since the affair of Boulogne nothing has been attempted. His Lordship, indeed, still hovers round the French shore occasionally—but at present he remains in port. We are of opinion, that whilst our maritime force continues so strong, we need not be alarmed by the machinations of the enemy. Some indeed are of opinion, that *Ireland* will be the object of attempt—here a strict vigilance should be held out—the disaffection of that unhappy country we are fearful is still great—alas! what scenes of carnage and destruction would, in that case, pain the eye of humanity.

From Egypt little intelligence has been received since the capitulation of *Grand Cairo* to the English army. The *reduction of Alexandria* seems to be the object of our forces, and will, we apprehend, be soon accomplished. Our soldiers at the same time, we are sorry to learn, are in a sickly condition. Even General Hutchinson himself is said to be much indisposed. It is singular, that blindness is an evil with which the English are much afflicted there. The sun shining upon a fine kind of sand, of which the soil is composed, greatly injures the optical nerve, and the sight is thus lost. We shall be happy to hear, when the contest is over, of the return of our troops from so unhealthy a climate—

sickness and the sword are two horrible sources of devastation.

Of the intercourse between the English and French government, little has transpired. Reports are still in agitation—though we are at a loss to ascertain their precise nature and tendency. The conquest of Alexandria will, we apprehend, facilitate the arrival of peace. It is curious, that while the negociation is apparently carrying on, hostilities, on both sides, should be so eagerly cherished. This, however, has been the case on former occasions, and therefore we despair not of a favourable termination. Certain it is, in the mean time, that the First Consul is much enraged by the loss of Egypt — he has, on this account, ordered an Englishman to quit France and return to his own country.

The *American* papers state, that Jefferson continues to act with great spirit and ability. His dismissal of many persons from office, necessarily offends the other party. How far this conduct is just and politic we are not able to declare. We would hope that the spirit of prejudice is subsiding in that country. It has been very violent—we trust, for the time to come, that affairs will be conducted with tranquillity.

The *harvest*, amongst us, has been abundant —price of corn much fallen—and bread has, of course, been more accessible to the lower classes of mankind. The Supreme Being has been very bountiful to us—may the wickedness of men never bring on the miseries of famine—in this our beloved country!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1801.

1. THE gentlemen belonging to the late corps of Loyal Islington Volunteers, whose resignation in January last was so much the topic of conversation, held their first anniversary dinner at Highbury Tavern. The dinner was numerously attended, and the day was spent with the utmost harmony and conviviality.

2. Just before their Majesties withdrew from the theatre at Weymouth, a man jumped on the bench in the pit, close to the royal box, and behaved in an outrageous manner. He was immediately secured by a peace-officer, and undergoing an examination, was afterwards sent up to the Cold Bath Fields prison. He is suspected to labour under a degree of insanity.

3. During the time the Lord Mayor was proclaiming Bartholomew fair, a man of decent appearance was detected in the act of picking a gentleman's pocket of a book, containing bank notes to the amount of upwards of 100l.—The thief was taken into custody, but rescued as he was conveying by the officers to prison.

6. A desperate attempt was made to escape by nine convicts, from Cumberland fort, near Portsmouth. They had almost succeeded in their plan—but plunging into the mud on shore were discovered. An alarm being given, the troops of the garrison were ordered out—the result of which was, that one convict was killed, and another desperately wounded.

11. Orders were issued for the court's going into mourning on account of the death of the Elector of Cologne.

13. Sir Henry B. Hayes, at Cork, is respited. He had been convicted in April last of carrying off Miss Pike, a rich and beautiful heiress, by force, five years ago, to his own house, and attempting to marry her. No personal violence was offered her whilst in his house, and she was furnished with pen, ink and paper the next morning, and allowed freely to communicate with her friends; some of whom came, and carried her home without opposition. He received sentence of death, but was at the time earnestly recommended to mercy by the jury. It is thought that he will be sent, for life, to Botany Bay.

14. Accounts reached town of an earthquake being felt at Edinburgh, and several other parts of Scotland. It took place at six o'clock in the morning, continued for two or three seconds, and was preceded by a hollow rumbling noise from the ground. It had an undulating motion, resembling the waves of the sea. Beds, tables, and chairs were observed to shake. A parrot, in one of the houses, screeched during the shock, as these birds do in the West Indies during an earthquake—and it is even said that the bells in one house were set a ringing. No damage was done in the city.

15. As the corporation of Chester were proceeding to their sessions, a drunken fellow made a hideous noise; upon which, he was ordered into custody. Being put to the bar, he told the recorder that he was brought there for *screaking*, and that with his permission, he would give him a specimen. He then gave such a proof of stentorian lungs, that alarmed some, and convulsed others with laughter. He was however committed to the house of correction; and as Dr. Franklin long remembered paying for his *whistle*, so will this fellow for his *screaking*.

17. A very singular imposture was this day detected, A person of the name of *Thomas Scott Smith*, was examined at Bow Street, on a charge of uttering as true an order for the payment of 10*l*. on a banking-house in the city. It now appears that this man has passed himself for a *clergyman*, and actually officiated for a month, as deputy of the curate of St. Martin's in the fields; who has been indisposed. In this capacity, he solemnised several marriages—performed the funeral service, and administered the sacrament. From these MARRIAGES, which are of course void, real mischiefs may arise. The rector of the parish has invited them to be *re-married*, free of expence. He pretended to be the nephew of Lord Eldon, and to have been ordained by the Bishop of Peterborough. He is the son of a leather-cutter in Crooked Lane; and is said to have been a rider to some house in the city. He is only 23 years f age—in person thin—and stared round at the bar quite careless about his situation. He is committed for trial; but his friends, we hear, intend urging the plea of insanity.

20. In a garden at Sheffield Moor, belonging to a Mr. Watson, a *single oat* produced this year *thirty* stems, containing in the whole *eight thousand five hundred* grains!

24. The sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when near *twenty* received sentence of death — about *double that number* sentenced to transportation—near *fifty* doomed to imprisonment—and several to be either privately or publicly whipped. These marks of the depravity of the times are alarming—may they be followed by speedy reformation.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

JOHH WILKINSON, Bridlington, Yorkshire, merchant. John Tollody, Mistley, Essex, corn-merchant. Thomas Eccles, Watling-street, London, linen-draper. Jonathan Woodward, Derby, calico-manufacturer. William Woolgar, late of the Minories, London. brazier. W. Lomas, late of Needham Market, Suffolk, hawker. R. Flux, now or late of Cirencester, Gloucestershire, carpenter. W. Cantrell, Burton-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, druggist. J. Quantrill, late of Duke-street, Portland Place, Middlesex, factor. J. Hodson, now or late of Stockport, Cheshire, shopkeeper. J. Betson, Wasliford Heath, Warwickshire, factor. Richard Ockenden, late of Bexhill, Sussex, shopkeeper. William Whitehead, Laceby, Lincolnshire, shopkeeper. William Brevitt late of Wednesbury, Staffordshire, butcher. John Simms, Sheepey Parva, Leicestershire, miller. Pierce Morris, St. Martin's Court, St. Martin's Lane, hosier. Lewis and Jonas Levy, Osborne Place, Brick Lane, Whitechapel, vermicelli-manufacturers. William Scarbrow, St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, baker. E. Bridgman, Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire, baker. B. Tipper, Derby, patten-ring-maker. J. Shorland, Exeter, woollen draper. R. Stephens, Manchester, dealer in weft. J. E. Bowyer Bull, City Road, Middlesex, baker. James Wilson, Birmingham, builder. Thomas Fitt, Swansea, haberdasher. Hugh Roberts, Aldersgate-street, London, silk-weaver. William Beaumont, Healdy Butts, Yorkshire, clothier. James Sanderson, Preston, and N. Sanderson, Hoghton, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturers. So-

lomon Fox, Wardour-street, Soho, cabinet-maker. T. Baker and J. Shorland, Exeter, woollen-drapers. J. Hitchcock, late of Hatton Garden, Holborn, dealer in prints. J. Pickering, Lower Eaton-street, Pimlico, dealer in wine and spirits. D. Tubbs, late of Liverpool, merchant. T. Saul and J. Reynolds, Manchester, wool-staplers. H. Keen, Gleeve Prior, Worcestershire, baker. R. Allcorn, Hampton, Middlesex, blacksmith. Richard Porter, jun. Derby, grocer. Richard King Thomas, Evesham, Worcestershire, mercer. Wm. Simonds, Market-street, St. James's, grocer. Joseph Britton, Birmingham, jeweller. Abel Cartwright, late of Darlaston, Staffordshire, baker. John Jones, late of Birmingham, draper. Joseph Milner, Haymarket, baker. John George, Piccadilly, draper. J. Hart, Old Compton-street, Soho, jeweller. J. Harmer, Stroud, Gloucestershire, clothier. E. Shepherd Smith and J. Stanley, Liverpool, merchants. J. Dean, Strand, Middlesex, laceman. M. Bairstow, Thornton Mill, Thornton, Yorkshire, corn-miller.

To Correspondents.

The *Enigma* inserted in our last as Dr. Darwin's, was ascribed to him by mistake.

*** Births, Marriages, &c. in our next.

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In the Character of a Gentleman.